

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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PREVENTING MERCIES.

Psalm lxxix. 8.

The hawthorn hedge that keeps us from intruding,

Looks very fierce and bare
When stripped by winter, every branch protruding.

Its thorns that wound and tear.

But spring-time comes; and like the rod that budded,

Each twig breaks out in green;
And cushions soft of tender leaves are studded,
Where spines alone are seen.

And honeysuckle, its bright wreath upbearing,
The prickly top adorns;

Its golden trumpets victory declaring
Of blossoms over thorns.

Nature in this mute parable unfoldeth

A lesson sweet to me;
God's goodness in reproof my eye beholdeth,
And his severity.

There is no grievous chastening but combineth
Some brightness with the gloom;
Round every thorn in the flesh there twineth
Some wreath of softening bloom.

The sorrows that to us seem so perplexing
Are mercies kindly sent,
To guard our wayward souls from sadder vexing,
And greater ills prevent.

Like angels stern, they meet us when we wander
Out of the narrow track,
With sword in hand, and yet with voices tender,
To warn us quickly back.

We fain would eat the fruit that is forbidden,
Not heeding what God saith;
But by these flaming cherubim we're chidden,
Lest we should pluck our death.

To save us from the pit, no screen of roses
Would serve for our defence,
The hindrance that completely interposes
Stings back like thorny fence.

At first, when smarting from the shock, complaining
Of wounds that freely bleed,
God's hedges of severity us paining,
May seem severe indeed.

No tender veil of heavenly verdure brightens
The branches fierce and bare;
No sun of comfort the dark sky enlightens,
Or warms the wintry air.

But afterwards, God's blessed spring-time cometh,

And bitter murmurs cease;
The sharp severity that pierced us bloometh,
And yields the fruits of peace.

The Wreath of Life its healing leaves discovers
Twined round each wounding stem,
And climbing by the thorns, above them hovers
Its flowery diadem.

The last Great Day, each secret deep revealing,
Shall teach us what we owe
To these *preventing mercies*, thus concealing
Themselves in masks of woe;

What sunken rocks they showed, on which unwitting
Our souls would have been wrecked;
What deadly sins they kept us from committing,
What lust and pride they checked.

Then let us sing, our guarded way thus wending,

Life's hidden snares among,
Of mercy and of judgment sweetly blending;
Earth's sad but lovely song.
Sunday Magazine. HUGH MACMILLAN.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

SWEET Spirit of the Spring,
I hear thee on the wing,
I saw thee leave thy darling where the snow-
drops shed their light,
And I heard thee singing say,
"Come, love, with me away,
And I'll chant a sweeter matin as we sunward
take our flight.

"I will show thee where the lilies,
The laughing daffodils,
Are bright with golden halos and bending o'er
the brooks,
Whose pretty, playful ways
Have scooped out fairy bays
In the willow-wattled bank-side and by alder-
shaded nooks.

"Come say, love, wilt thou follow
Over height and primrose hollow?
I will give thee in a solo the heart's sweet over-
flow,
Till the merle takes up the chorus,
And the throistles all assure us
Most pleasant 'tis to warble where the daffodils
grow."

Sweet Spirit of the Spring,
'Tis heaven to hear thee sing;
For Spring, with flowers and sunshine, and the
merry lark away,
Were but an eyeless grace
With the soul out of her face,
Though children light the meadows and frisky
lamb-kins play.
Good Words. EDWARD CAPERN.

From The London Edition.
INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW'S,

MARCH 19, 1868.

BY JAMES ANTHONY PROUDE, M.A., RECTOR OF
THE UNIVERSITY.

My first duty, in the observations which I am about to address to you, is to make my personal acknowledgments on the occasion which has brought me to this place. When we begin our work in this world, we value most the approbation of those older than ourselves. To be regarded favourably by those who have obtained distinction bids us hope that we too, bye and bye, may come to be distinguished in turn. As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities. Our expectations for the future shrink to modest dimensions. The question with us is no longer what we shall do, but what have we done. We call ourselves to account for the time and talents which we have used or misused, and then it is that the good opinion of those who are coming after us becomes so peculiarly agreeable. If we have been roughly handled by our contemporaries, it flatters our self-conceit to have interested another generation. If we feel that we have before long to pass away, we can dream of a second future for ourselves in the thoughts of those who are about to take their turn upon the stage.

Therefore it is that no recognition of efforts of mine which I have ever received has given me so much pleasure as this movement of yours in electing me your Rector; an honour as spontaneously and generously bestowed by you as it was unlooked for, I may say undreamt of, by me.

Many years ago, when I first studied the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the grey waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to his glory; and

I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify his name in the same place.'

Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrew's, that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back and did 'glorify God' in this place and others to some purpose.

Well, if anybody had told me, when I was reading about this, that I also should one day come to St. Andrew's and be called on to address the University, I should have listened with more absolute incredulity than Knox's comrade listened to that prophecy.

Yet, inconceivable as it would then have seemed, the unlikely has become fact. I am addressing the successors of that remote generation of students whom Knox, at the end of his life, 'called round him,' in the yard of this very College, 'and exhorted them,' as James Melville tells us, 'to know God and stand by the good cause, and use their time well.' It will be happy for me if I, too, can read a few words to you out of the same lesson-book; for to make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists. Duty changes, truth expands, one age cannot teach another either the details of its obligations or the matter of its knowledge, but the principle of obligation is everlasting. The consciousness of duty, whatever its origin, is to the moral nature of man what *life* is in the seed-cells of all organized creatures; the conditions of its coherence, the elementary force in virtue of which it grows.

Every one admits this in words. Rather, it has become a cant now-a-days to make a parade of noble intentions. The application is the difficulty. When we pass beyond the verbal propositions our guides fail us, and we are left in practice to grope our way or guess it as we can. So far as our special occupations go, there is no uncertainty. Are we traders, mechanics, lawyers, doctors? — we know our work. Our duty is to do it as honestly and as well as we can. When we pass to our larger interests, to those which concern us as men — to what Knox meant 'by knowing God and standing by the good cause' — I suppose

there has been rarely a time in the history of the world when intelligent people have held more opposite opinions. The Scots to whom Knox was speaking understood him well enough. They had their Bibles as the rule of their lives. They had broken down the tyranny of a contemptible superstition. They were growing up into yeomen, farmers, artisans, traders, scholars, or ministers, each with the business of his life clearly marked out before him. Their duty was to walk uprightly by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to fight with soul and body against the high-born scoundrel and spiritual sorcery which were combining to make them again into slaves.

I will read you a description of the leaders of the great party in Scotland against whom the Protestants and Knox were contending. I am not going to quote any fierce old Calvinist who will be set down as a bigot and a liar. My witness is M. Fontenay, brother of the secretary of Mary Stuart, who was residing here on Mary Stuart's business. The persons of whom he was speaking were the so-called Catholic Lords; and the occasion was in a letter to herself:—

'The Sirens,' wrote this M. Fontenay, 'which bewitch the lords of this country are money and power. If I preach to them of their duty to their Sovereign—if I talk to them of honour, of justice, of virtue, of the illustrious actions of their forefathers, and of the example which they should themselves bequeath to their posterity—they think me a fool. They can talk of these things themselves—talk as well as the best philosophers in Europe. But, when it comes to action, they are like the Athenians, who knew what was good, but would not do it. The misfortune of Scotland is that the noble lords will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past.'

To free Scotland from the control of an unworthy aristocracy, to bid the dead virtues live again, and plant the eternal rules in the consciences of the people—this, as I understand it, was what Knox was working at, and it was comparatively a simple thing. It was simple, because the difficulty was not to know what to do, but how to do it. It required no special discernment to see into

the fitness for government of lords like those described by Fontenay; or to see the difference as a rule of life between the New Testament and a creed that issued in Jesuitism and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The truth was plain as the sun. The thing then wanted was *courage*; courage in common men to risk their skins, to venture the high probability that before the work was done they might have their throats cut, or see their houses burnt over their heads.

Times are changed; we are still surrounded by temptations, but they no longer appear in the shape of stake and gallows. They come rather as intellectual perplexities, on the largest and gravest questions which concern us as human creatures; perplexities with regard to which self-interest is perpetually tempting us to be false to our real convictions. The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little. Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art. The drawing-master can direct his pupils generally in the principles of art. He can teach him here and there to avoid familiar stumbling-blocks. But the pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. He must spoil a hundred copy-books before the lesson will yield its meaning to him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does but prevent waste or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all. In every accomplishment, every mastery of truth, moral, spiritual, or mechanical,

Necesse est

Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris :

our acquirements must grow into us in marvellous ways—marvellous—as anything connected with man has been, is, and will be.

I have but the doubtful advantage, in speaking to you, of a few more years of life; and even whether years bring wisdom or do not bring it is far from certain. The fact of growing older teaches many of us to respect notions which we once believed to be antiquated. Our intellectual joints stiffen, and our fathers' crutches have attractions for us. You must therefore take the remarks that I am going to make at what appears to you their intrinsic value. Stranger as I am to all of you, and in a relation

with you which is only transient, I can but offer you some few general conclusions which have forced themselves on me during my own experience, in the hope that you may find them not wholly useless. And as it is desirable to give form to remarks which might otherwise be desultory, I will follow the train of thought suggested by our presence at this place and the purpose which brings you here. You stand on the margin of the great world, into which you are about to be plunged, to sink or swim. We will consider the stock-in-trade, the moral and mental furniture, with which you will start upon your journey.

In the first place you are Scots; you are come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done. No people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose, if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant or to be the heir of an Indian rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer: we should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, *Noblesse oblige*; all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here and we in England come, both of us, of our respective races; we inherit honourable traditions and memories; we inherit qualities inherent in our bone and blood, which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors; our fortunes are now linked together for good and evil, never more to be divided; but when we examine our several contributions to the common stock, the account is more in your favour than in ours.

More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now running. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewd-

ness of head, thoroughgoing completeness, contempt of compromise, and moral backbone, no set of people were ever started into life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities either of mind or body; but you have them, they are a fine capital to commence business with, and, as I said, *Noblesse oblige*.

So much for what you bring with you into the world. And the other part of your equipment is only second to it: I mean your education. There is no occasion to tell a Scotchman to value education. On this, too, you have set us an example which we are beginning to imitate: I only wish our prejudices and jealousies would let us imitate it thoroughly. In the form of your education, whether in the parish school or here at the university, there is little to be desired. It is fair all round to poor and rich alike. You have broken down, or you never permitted to rise, the enormous barrier of expense which makes the highest education in England a privilege of the wealthy. The subject-matter is another thing. Whether the subjects to which, either with you, or with us, the precious years of boyhood and youth continue to be given, are the best in themselves, whether they should be altered or added to, and if so, in what direction and to what extent, are questions which all the world is busy with. Education is on everybody's lips. Our own great schools and colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or if you have, you will not escape it long. The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past condition of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations, among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by everyone that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and phi-

losophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literature of our own and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with.

It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it.

In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result which we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that, to educate successfully, you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man.

Now our ancestors, whatever their other short-comings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In their primary education and in their higher education they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born into the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labour; therefore every boy was as early as was convenient set to labour. He was not permitted to idle about the streets or lanes. He was apprenticed to some honest industry. Either he was sent to a farm, or, if his wits were sharper, he was allotted to the village carpenter, bricklayer, tailor, shoemaker, or whatever it might be. He was instructed in some positive calling by which he could earn his bread and become a profitable member of the commonwealth. Besides this, but not, you will observe, independent of it, you had in Scotland, established by Knox, your parish schools where he was taught to read, and, if he showed special talent that way, he was made a scholar of and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox nor any one in those days thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading that he might read his Bible and learn to fear God and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong.

An eminent American was once talking

to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best places; never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not yet determined into its place; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many. 'For myself,' said the great Spinoza, 'I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's.' At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechizing and the Sunday school. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And in both countries, by industrial training, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honour and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the burden was made as light as possible. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws of mendicancy in all

countries were suspended in favour of scholars wandering in pursuit of knowledge. At home, at his college, the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent universities, shared the common simplicity. The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and race-horses and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds. When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge, in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was five pounds.

You see what was meant. The scholar was held in high honour; but his contributions to the commonwealth were not appreciable in money, and were not rewarded with money. He went without what he could not produce, that he might keep his independence and his self-respect unharmed. Neither scholarship nor science starved under this treatment: more noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Your Knox was brought up in this way, Buchanan was brought up in this way, Luther was brought up in this way, and Tyndal, who translated the Bible, and Milton and Kepler and Spinoza, and your Robert Burns. Compare Burns, bred behind the plough, and our English Byron!

This was the old education, which formed the character of the English and Scotch nations. It is dying away at both extremities, as no longer suited to what is called modern civilization. The apprenticeship as a system of instruction is gone. The discipline of poverty—not here as yet, I am happy to think, but in England—is gone also; and we have got instead what are called enlarged minds.

I ask a modern march-of-intellect man what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is: he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their languages, their histories, and the books that they have written; and again, modern science, astronomy, geology and physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics—everything in fact which an educated man ought to know.

Education, according to this, means

instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought, or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

The demands which intelligent people imagine that they can make on the minds of students in this way are something amazing. I will give you a curious illustration of it. When the competitive examination system was first set on foot, a board of examiners met to draw up their papers of questions. The scale of requirement had first to be settled. Among them a highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that, for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen. And it was gravely expected that ordinary young men of twenty-one, who were to be examined also in Greek and Latin, in moral philosophy, in ancient history, in mathematics, and in two modern languages, were to show a proficiency in each and all of these subjects, which a man of mature age and extraordinary talents, who had devoted his whole time to that special study, had attained only in one of them.

Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps; and this when it is notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge is to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw your undivided energy on the special thing you have in hand.

Our old Universities are struggling against these absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory. A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable: while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a shilling for himself. An Oxford education fits a man

extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honours there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in contact with the primary realities of things.

It has become necessary to alter all this; but how and in what direction? If I go into modern model schools, I find first of all the three R's, about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honours to these; and then, by way of keeping up with the times, 'abridgments,' 'text-books,' 'elements,' or whatever they are called, of a mixed multitude of matters, history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides; general knowledge which, in my experience, means general ignorance: stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only — to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him — this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles; for bread giving him a stone.

It is wonderful what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett, that you may have heard of, said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. People talk about enlarging the mind. Some years ago I attended a lecture on education in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Seven or eight thousand people were present, and among the speakers was one of the most popular orators of the day. He talked in the usual way of the neglect of past generations, the benighted peasant, in whose besotted brain even thought was extinct, and whose sole spiritual instruction was the dull and dubious parson's sermon. Then came the con-

trasted picture: the broad river of modern discovery flowing through town and hamlet, science shining as an intellectual sun, and knowledge and justice, as her handmaids, redressing the wrongs and healing the miseries of mankind. Then, rapt with inspired frenzy, the musical voice, thrilling with transcendent emotion — 'I seem,' the orator said, 'I seem to hear again the echo of that voice which rolled over the primeval chaos, saying, "Let there be light."'

As you may see a breeze of wind pass over standing corn and every stalk bends and a long wave sweeps across the field, so all that listening multitude swayed and wavered under the words. Yet, in plain prose, what did this gentleman definitely mean? First and foremost, a man has to earn his living, and all the 'ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we do want light, but it must be light which will help us to work and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of; able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind, that an ardent desire to better our position is the most powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously-living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favoured. They are like Olympian gods, condescending to show themselves in their Empyrean, and to say to their worshippers, 'Make money, money enough, and you and your descendants shall become as we are, and shoot grouse and drink champagne all the days of your lives.'

No doubt this would be a highly influential incitement to activity of a sort; only it must be remembered that there are many sorts of activity, and short smooth cuts to wealth as well as long hilly roads. In civilized and artificial communities there are many ways, where fools have money and rogues want it, of effecting a change of possession. The process is at once an intellectual pleasure, extremely rapid, and every way more agreeable than dull mechanical labour. I doubt very much indeed whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution so generally of mental education for industrial; and the three R's, if no industrial training has gone

along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth R of rascaldom.

But it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question. Before we begin to build, let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind, I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it.

I will take the lowest scale first.

I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said; by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. A poor man's child is brought here with no will of his own. We have no right to condemn him to be a mendicant or a rogue; he may fairly demand therefore to be put in the way of earning his bread by labour. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship therefore was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labour was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape.

Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability, the being able to do something and not merely to answer questions, must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labour.

Add knowledge afterwards as much as

you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each particular work which a boy is practising, and every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find opportunity. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible; one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued; he could find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him. I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Every occupation, even the meanest — I don't say the scavenger's or the chimney-sweep's — but every productive occupation which adds anything to the capital of mankind, if followed assiduously with a desire to understand everything connected with it, is an ascending stair whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges. Take the lowest and most unskilled labour of all, that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lie agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realized. Each point of the science which the labourer masters will make him not only a wiser man but a better workman; and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. If he be one of Lord Brougham's geniuses, he need not go to the *Novum Organon*; there is no direction in which his own subject will not lead him, if he cares to follow it, to the furthest boundary of thought. Only I insist on this, that information shall go along with practice, and the man's work becomes more profitable while he himself becomes wiser. He may then go far, or he may stop short; but whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself.

It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily, and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally

extravagant. I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in a millennium, the way to it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labour more productive by being more scientific; which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being, by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

I spoke of the field labourer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners, and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each word becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind an image of a real thing. Group your words into sentences, and thought is married to thought and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can apply and use in the work of their lives; and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier, along the track of an instructed industry, than by the paths which the most keenly sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves.

To pass to the next scale, which more properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most

of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. Well, to the education for the professions I would apply the same principle. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a University; but it is true also that with every profession there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer; you must learn Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it; but if you must learn another language, Norman French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to be a doctor?—you must learn Latin too; but neither Thucydides or the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you,—you must learn chemistry; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science, you must learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous.

Are you to be an engineer? You must work now, when you have time, at mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at chemistry; it is the grammar of all physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad: therefore now also while you have time, learn French, or Russian, or Chinese, or Turkish. The command of any of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation.

The principle that I advocate is of earth, earthy. I am quite aware of it. We are ourselves made of earth; our work is on earth; and most of us are commonplace people, who are obliged to make the most of our time. History, poetry, logic, moral philosophy, classical literature, are excellent as ornament. If you care for such things, they may be the amusement of your leisure hereafter; but they will not help you to stand on your feet and walk alone; and no one is properly a man till he can do that. You cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all. You must choose among them, and the only reasonable guide to choice in such matters is utility. The

old saying, *Non multa sed multum*, becomes every day more pressingly true. If we mean to thrive, we must take one line and rigidly and sternly confine our energies to it. Am I told that it will make men into machines? I answer no men are machines who are doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before them. And if a doctor or a lawyer has it in him to become a *great* man, he can ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents are equal. All that is open to the handicraftsman is open to him, only that he starts a great many rounds higher up the ladder.

What I deplore in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us some especially precious human qualities. Classics and philosophy are called there *literæ humaniores*. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident fellows, tutors, professors are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea the effect ought to have been considerable. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us: churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by hundreds of thousands; while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of

good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, *Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.*

The late Bishop Bloomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church at Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The Bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. 'Oh yes, my lord,' the fellow said, 'I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still.'

Classical philosophy, classical history and literature, taking as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually around them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

But it was not this that I came here to speak of. What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal 'Not yours' set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled — such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognized in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognized now and always, if we are not to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is an abiding place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding place and nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Year after year we are

swarming as the bees swarm; and year after year, and I hope more and more, high-minded young men of all ranks will prefer free air and free elbow-room for mind and body to the stool and desk of the dingy office, the ill-paid drudgery of the crowded ranks of the professions, or the hopeless labour of our home farmsteads and workshops.

Education always should contemplate this larger sphere, and cultivate the capacities which will command success there. Britain may have yet a future before it grander than its past; instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire: but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores; shall look back upon her, not — like the poor Irish when they fly to America — as a step-mother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honour of the name that he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates; go find a home elsewhere. Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been no burden but a blessing. But we bade him carelessly go where he would, and shift as he could for himself; he went with a sense of burning wrong, and he left a root of bitterness behind him. Injustice and heedlessness have borne their proper fruits. We have raised up against us a

mighty empire to be the rival, it may be the successful rival, of our power.

Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us — most beautiful, most enduring, most hard to be obliterated — yet feelings which, when they are obliterated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain.

I beg your pardon for this digression; but there are subjects on which we feel sometimes compelled to speak in season and out of it.

To go back.

I shall be asked whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture? 'Philosophy,' says Novalis, 'will bake no bread, but it gives us our souls; it gives us Heaven; it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings.' Was it not said, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Is this a dream? No, indeed! But such directions as these are addressed only to few; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the counsels of perfection, count the cost, and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments; who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives; who seemed to be longing for some gulf to jump into, like the Roman Curtius — some 'fine opening for a young man' into which to plunge and devote himself for the benefit of mankind. Yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education; dreaming of martyrdom, and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure!

Consider to whom the words which I quoted were spoken; not to all the disciples, but to the Apostles who were about to wander over the world as missionaries.

High above all occupations which have

their beginning and end in the seventy years of mortal life, stand undoubtedly the unproductive callings which belong to spiritual culture. Only, let not those who say we will devote ourselves to truth, to wisdom, to science, to art, expect to be rewarded with the wages of the other professions.

University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. The ancient scholar lived, during his course, upon alms—alms either from living patrons, or founders and benefactors. But the scale of his allowance provided for no indulgences; either he learnt something besides his Latin, or he learnt to endure hardship. And if a University persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the humanities, it is bound to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn some handicraft; that the man of intellect, while, like St. Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St. Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those University men who had taken honours, breaking stones on an Australian road, were sorry spectacles; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies; 'Send us no more of what you call educated men; send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day labourers; all of those will thrive, will earn their eight, ten, or twelve shillings a day; but your educated man is a log on our hands; he loafs in uselessness till his means are spent, he then turns billiard-marker, enlists as a soldier, or starves.' It hurts no intellect to be able to make a door or hammer a horse-shoe; and if you can do either of these, you have nothing to fear from fortune. 'I will work with my hands, and keep my brain for myself,' said some one proudly, when it was proposed to him that he should make a profession of literature. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker, that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies, that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes.

If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would ab-

solutely prohibit him for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Now-a-days a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction yet for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to literature, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it.

Now, without taking a transcendental view of the matter, literature happens to be the only occupation in which the wages are not in proportion to the goodness of the work done. It is not that they are generally small, but the adjustment of them is awry. It is true that in all callings nothing great will be produced if the first object be what you can make by them. To do what you do well should be the first thing, the wages the second; but except in the instances of which I am speaking, the rewards of a man are in proportion to his skill and industry. The best carpenter receives the highest pay. The better he works, the better his prospects. The best lawyer, the best doctor commands most practice and makes the largest fortune. But with literature, a different element is introduced into the problem. The present rule on which authors are paid is by the page and the sheet; the more the words the more pay. It ought to be exactly the reverse. Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind, done hastily, would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward for it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' The distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fill but three; and though they have revolutionized the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A really great man has

to create the taste with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognized and early rewarded — our honoured English Laureate for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men; yet, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novelist. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them.

If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is a legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for yourselves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we used to say, and for the world you live in.

Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor: care only for what is true and right and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter.

I have detained you long, but I cannot close without a few more general words. We live in times of change — political change, intellectual change, change of all kinds. You whose minds are active, especially such of you as give yourselves much to speculation, will be drawn inevitably to profoundly interesting yet perplexing questions, of which our fathers and grandfathers knew nothing. Practical men engaged in business take formulas for granted. They cannot be forever running to first principles. They hate to see established opinions disturbed. Opinions, however, will and must be disturbed from time to time. There is no help for it. The minds of ardent and clever students are par-

ticularly apt to move fast in these directions; and thus when they go out into the world, they find themselves exposed to one of two temptations, according to their temperament; either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, to conceal their real convictions, to take up with what we call in England humbug, to humbug others, or perhaps, to keep matters still smoother, to humbug themselves; or else to quarrel violently with things which they imagine to be passing away, and which they consider should be quick in doing it, as having no basis in truth.

A young man of ability now-a-days is extremely likely to be tempted into one or other of these lines. The first is the more common on my side of the Tweed; the harsher and more thoroughgoing, perhaps, on yours. Things are changing, and have to change, but they change very slowly. The established authorities are in possession of the field, and are naturally desirous to keep it. And there is no kind of service which they more eagerly reward than the support of clever fellows who have dipped over the edge of latitudinarianism, who profess to have sounded the disturbing currents of the intellectual seas, and discovered that they are accidental or unimportant.

On the other hand, men who cannot away with this kind of thing are likely to be exasperated into unwise demonstrativeness, to become radicals in politics and radicals in thought. Their private disapprobation bursts into open enmity; and this road too, if they continue long upon it, leads to no healthy conclusions. No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it that in all long-established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules forbid us equally in public to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, You shall not make me profess to think what I believe to be false; you shall not make me do what I do not think just: but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a patient reticence and the

reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice and injustice, are no creatures of our belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation work well which is not just than you can make water run uphill.

I tell you therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others

for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep, you will find that you share yourselves with them. You, who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it, as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly; respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only and especially I would say this: be honest with yourselves, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, *humbug* is the most dangerous.

This above all. To your own selves be true, And it will follow, as the night the day, You cannot then be false to any man.

FRUIT AND SEED PROTECTION: A NEW METHOD.—Last summer, observes a writer in the *Gardener's Magazine*, I paid a visit to a gentleman's place not a hundred miles from Epsom Downs. Here I met with an incident which I think is worthy of notice, and may be of some advantage to our fruit-growers. On going into the kitchen garden the door closed with a loud bang behind us which echoed through the garden. Not a chuckle or flight of the feathered tribe was heard or seen, but which is generally the case when fruit is about. It was in the strawberry season. On passing a border of that fruit, I observed a stake driven in at each end of the border, perpendicular to and two feet from the ground; the next thing was a wire run horizontally from one stake to the other. The next article was a brass ring run on the wire, to slide from one end to the other. Lastly, there was a very small chain, about a yard long, fastened to the ring, and to the chain was attached a cat, in just the same way as we should chain a dog. For this particular purpose a young cat is to be preferred. A kennel or box was placed about the middle of the border, for the shelter of the animal in bad weather. There is yet one more feature to be noticed, namely, a stake a yard long, and larger in diameter than the ring, tied securely on the horizontal wire, to prevent the cat reaching the end, as it is liable to get twisted around the end stake. Wall-fruit, seed-beds, &c., may be protected in the same way, only the wire must be placed at a little distance from the beds to avoid any damage being done by the cat. This method saves all the expense and trouble of netting, baying pe-stakes over the seed-beds, and other protective

measures. Not a bird will venture near after a day or two, and the more cats there are in the garden the better; so look out for the kittens, do not feed them too well. Public Opinion.

WATER-BOTTLE FOR VOLUNTEERS.—The 2nd Surrey Administrative Battalion, always noticeable for the smartness of its equipment, has just been provided with a new pattern water-bottle, the invention, we believe, of the commandant of the regiment, Colonel Cochrane. The peculiarity of the bottle is, according to the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, that it is covered with thick felt, which, as is well known, is so bad a conductor of heat that the contents of the bottle will remain at the same temperature for hours. The felt has also the advantage of preventing the bottle from being broken or injuring its wearer by a fall. The whole affair is covered with black leather, and is so arranged as to hang comfortably in the waist-belt.

Public Opinion.

The common notion about the springing of a serpent is mistaken. Those who have watched the creature say that it gradually uncoils itself before it makes a spring. So it is with most calamities and disasters. There is generally time to do something to avert or avoid them; but we are fascinated by the sense of danger, and watch the uncoiling without doing anything to help ourselves.

Author of Friends in Council.

BOOK IX. CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL AT THE VICTORIA.

A LINE of carriages was standing in front of the Hotel Victoria in the capital; multitudes of sparrows were fluttering about them while the drivers stood together in groups, or walked to and fro, bandying jests with one another, and beating their arms across their chest to keep off the cold.

The sparrows quarreled together, and after picking up all the crumbs they could find, took their flight. The drivers had exhausted their jokes and lapsed into silence. What more could be said and done on a winter's afternoon in the snowy, deserted streets of the capital? Everything is as still as the blessed prince whose stone image stands on the great column, with a cap of snow on his head and snow epaulettes on his shoulders. The parade is over, the officials are sitting in their offices, and the shutters of the Casino are closed for the better enjoyment of the cards by lamp-light. There is a change of guards at Prince Leonhard's palace, over the way; the soldiers wear large cloaks, and carry pistols. The man released from duty whispers something, which seems to be of no great moment to the one who succeeds him. An official messenger carrying a bundle of papers comes along, meets a court-lackey wrapped in a long coat that almost touches the ground; exchanges a pinch of snuff with him, and passes on. Such is the life of a small capital on a winter's afternoon.

But now wide awake! there is something going on. A great stir began among the coachmen, and up came the courier Lootz, with a wagon load of trunks.

Now there was abundant material for conversation. It was fine to have this "Gold-nugget, the King of California," come to the capital.

"Run up to your father, the bell-ringer, and tell him to set all his bells going," cried one.

"Give me a drink that I may shout a good huzza," said another. "Now begins a merry winter for us. Gold-nugget will scatter more money than three princes, and seventeen counts, with seven barons into the bargain."

"Let me tell you something," chimed in a third. "Let's send a deputation to him when he arrives; he will do it, he is just the fellow for it. I've a plan."

"Out with your plan."

The man thus addressed, — a little hump-back, with intelligent, cunning eyes, — kept his comrades in suspense for a while, and then said, —

"We will petition Herr Sonnenkamp to give every coachman a daily pint of wine. He will do it, you see if he doesn't. If I had seventy millions, I would do it too."

A broad-shouldered, somewhat disreputable-looking coachman said, —

"I have been a hotel-keeper myself; I know what that means. The landlord of the Victoria has got a winter guest who will keep the house warm, and the wheels well greased."

Within the hotel, meanwhile, were none but smiling faces. Even the handsome landlady was handsomer than ever to-day, as she took a final survey of the sumptuous suite of rooms on the first floor, and found that all was in order, only a covering here and there still remaining to be spread. The feet of the butlers, waiters, and maids, as they hurried to and fro, made no sound on the thick, soft carpets. The gorgeous silk furniture glistened and gleamed, as if grateful at being freed from its mourning wrappers, and allowed to show itself to the light.

Lootz was full of business; he seemed bent upon trying every kind of sitting-place; now one chair and now another, here a sofa and there a lounge, he ordered to be differently arranged. Even the beds he appeared disposed to test, but contented himself with pressing the springs up and down a little. One blue silk boudoir, that opened on a charming balcony, he re-arranged entirely with great skill and excellent taste.

All was at last ready.

When evening came on, the whole long suite of rooms was illuminated; all the burners in the chandeliers, on the tables, and on the mantles being lighted. The entrance hall was decked with flowers. Now they might come.

The head-butler, with a cigar in his mouth, stepped into the streets and surveyed the row of windows with great satisfaction; but with still greater, did he look across the streets at the residence of the Crown-prince, where all was dark and deserted; how jealous they will be there!

A carriage drove up full of the servants of the establishment, men and women, then another, in which were Eric and Roland, and finally appeared a coach drawn by four horses. Bertram drew up at the door, and out stepped Herr Sonnenkamp followed by Fräulein Perini, and lastly by Frau Ceres, enveloped in the costliest furs.

The coachmen before the house forgot their agreement, and raised no cheers for Sonnenkamp. Amidst utter silence he and his family entered the vestibule, where the bearded porter in a laced coat and broad-

brimmed hat presented his silver-headed cane. He stood motionless as a statue; only his eyes sparkled. His face assumed a satisfied expression as they ascended the warmed, lighted, and flower-hung stair-case. Frau Ceres was not in good humor, having slept almost the whole way; she sat down before the open grate, and consented after a while to have her furs taken off.

Sonnenkamp inspected all the rooms, saying, when he came to those intended for Roland and Eric, —

"All the comforts of this world have their price; those who have nothing must turn coachmen, and freeze down there, waiting for a passenger."

He returned to his wife's boudoir, where Frau Ceres was still sitting motionless on a luxurious seat before the fire.

"What shall we do to-day?" she asked languidly.

"There is still time to go to the theatre."

"Dress myself over again? I won't."

Here, happily, the Cabinetsrätin was announced.

She was greeted with words of welcome, and very welcome she was. She apologized for not having been on the spot to receive her dear friends and neighbors upon their arrival, as she had intended, but a visit from Countess Graben had detained her. They thanked her, and were enchanted at her obliging politeness.

Eric and Roland were summoned to receive the Cadet, who had come also.

"Where is your mother?" inquired the Cabinetsrätin. "She is coming presently, I hope?"

Eric did not answer, and Sonnenkamp quietly interposed, saying that the Frau Professorin was unwilling to give up her country-life.

"That will cause general regret," returned the Cabinetsrätin, smiling as if she were saying something very amusing. "All the beau-monde are depending upon having this amiable, witty, universally esteemed lady another season among them."

"She must come," said Frau Ceres.

Sonnenkamp was sorely vexed. Did the whole glory of his house depend upon the esteem in which this woman was held?

His displeasure was increased by the lady's adding in a confidential tone, —

"The accomplishment of our beautiful and noble plan will be much hindered and delayed by the absence of the Frau Professorin, *née* von Burgholz," as she always took pains to add. Herr Sonnenkamp would hardly be able to draw the best society to his house, she thought,

without the lady's presence, adding, with what she meant for an expression of great modesty, that she should spare no exertions on her own part, but that she could not accomplish nearly as much as the Frau Professorin *née* von Burgholz.

The numerous lights in the great drawing-room appeared to Sonnenkamp's eyes to burn less brightly; he had sufficient self-control, however, not to betray the extent of his vexation.

The Cadet proposed that Roland should take part in a quadrille, which was to be performed on horseback by the first nobles of the court, towards the end of the month; in the royal riding-ring he could find a place as squire among the other citizen cadets, and engage in some of the evolutions.

Roland was delighted at the idea, but Herr Sonnenkamp cut the matter short by saying, —

"No! you will take no part."

He did not give any reason; there was no need to say that he did not choose to have his son make his first appearance among the common people admitted on sufferance.

The Cabinetsrätin had plenty of court news to tell, such as who had already given entertainments, and whose balls were still to come off, besides many a piquant bit of gossip, only half told on account of the presence of the children. The betrothal of the eldest son of Herr von Endlich, whose superb house was so famous, was soon to be celebrated, though there was reason to fear that tidings of death would soon be received from Madeira, whither the young pair had gone who were married in the summer.

The Cadet invited Roland to go with him to the theatre that evening, to see a grand ballet.

Eric looked in embarrassment at Sonnenkamp, who however said, —

"Certainly; go, Roland."

For the first time Eric saw his pupil led away from him, and taken to a place of entertainment, among a class of people, whither he could not accompany him. His heart trembled.

Roland had asked that Eric might go too, but the Cadet explained that there were no more places to be had; it was with great difficulty that he had been able to secure one for his friend. So Roland departed, saying to Eric as he went, —

"I shall come back to you as soon as it is over."

Eric became more tranquil. He could not prevent Roland's falling into company,

and receiving impressions, which threatened the subversion of all his noble tendencies. He could only trust that his will and his conscience might be strong enough to withstand the danger.

Half with pride and half with regret, the Cabinetsrâthin told of her son's precocity and cunning in the pursuit of adventures, and lamented almost in the same breath that Manna should be passing this brilliant season in the solitude of the convent; it would have been so pleasant for her, together with Frau Ceres, to introduce such a lovely girl into society.

Sonnenkamp replied that next winter would be time enough for that.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE CAPITAL.

ERIC soon withdrew; he went to his chamber, but found no rest. Here he was, in the city where he had been born and brought up, living in a strange hotel, and in the service of a stranger. He quickly fought down these reflections and the weakness they engendered, and wrote a letter to his mother announcing their arrival, and begging her to let no persuasions induce her to come to the capital. He took the letter to the post himself, and spent some time in wandering through the quiet, deserted streets of the little capital. He knew every house in them. Here and there lived some companion of his youth, some family friends; what relations he should hold to them now he could not tell.

He passed the great building where the antique relics were kept, and for a moment allowed himself to fancy what his position would have been, if he had received the post of director here.

He walked restlessly to and fro, and finally entered a beer-house, took his place in a corner, and listened to the talk of the men, who, with long pipes in their mouths, were laughing at each other's poor jokes, and discussing matters of all kinds.

His attention was roused by the mention of Sonnenkamp's name; a stout, red-faced man was saying, —

"I must begin now to take my very best meat to the Victoria, for Herr Sonnenkamp knows what is good."

A printer whom Eric recognized said, "Our editor, Professor Crutius, declares that he knows Herr Sonnenkamp, but he isn't willing to tell us anything about him."

Eric's interest was still further excited. The men went on to tell of the immense sum daily paid to the landlord of the Victoria, then of Sonnenkamp's reported pur-

chase of the Rabenecke palace, and of his admission to the ranks of the nobility as being a thing as good as settled. Here some remarks were made, in too low a tone for Eric to catch, which raised a general laugh.

"I call you to witness," said a stout man whom Eric recognized as a flour-dealer and baker, "that I say now this Herr Sonnenkamp is sent on a secret mission. The young nobles in the South want an emperor, and this Herr Sonnenkamp's designs to aim higher, perhaps, than any of us imagine."

"Then you can go with him and be court-baker," said one, whose rejoinder was received with a burst of laughter.

"What's that to us?" said another; "the man brings plenty of money into the country. If a hundred of them came, I don't care what they are after, as long as they bring us their money."

The speaker was a short, round-bodied little man with a great meerschaum pipe. He emptied his covered glass as he spoke, and called out to the bar-maid, —

"Bring me a fresh one; I have deserved it, for I am the cleverest of the lot."

Eric slipped out of the room, glad not to have been recognized.

At the door he received a friendly greeting from a young man whom he had no recollection of having seen before, but who recognized him as one of the singers at the musical festival. He was a teacher in the scientific school in the capital, and announced to Eric that he had been proposed to the school-teachers' union as an honorary member.

Eric thanked him and passed on; meeting in the street a great stream of people and carriages coming from the theatre; he hurried to the hotel, that Roland might find him there on his return, and happily arrived before his pupil. He waited in his room, but no Roland came; he went to the drawing-room, but he was not there; on the contrary, he was himself asked if Roland had not yet returned.

The Cabinetsrâthin observed, with a smile, that they need feel no uneasiness, for Roland was with Cuno, and of course enjoying himself. She expressed her regrets that she too must now take leave of the company, and, drawing Sonnenkamp into the embrace of a window, presented him with an Almanach de Gotha for the new year, a book which, as she gracefully remarked, should henceforth never appear without the name of Sonnenkamp being in it; and she bound herself from this day forth to pay him taxes in the shape of this canonical book, to be delivered to him yearly as long as she lived.

Sonnenkamp was duly grateful, and escorted the lady to her carriage.

On returning to the drawing-room, he said to Eric:—

"I had supposed you would have made Roland more worthy of confidence; in spite of his promise, he has not come home."

Eric was tempted to answer that it was the father, not he, who on this very first evening, when the boy was hardly out of the carriage, had given him permission to go his own way. He restrained himself, however; any discussion would be useless.

"I cannot go to bed till he comes," complained Frau Ceres.

"Have you any idea where we can look for him?" asked Sonnenkamp of Eric.

"It is not necessary, for here he is," returned Eric.

Roland entered.

His mother began to complain and his father to scold, because he had not kept his word.

"I deserve neither complaints nor reproaches," said Roland. "I had great difficulty in getting away from the company at the door of the restaurant whither I accompanied them, but would not go in."

All was made smooth again, and they went to bed.

"Why do you not ask me how I enjoyed the theatre?" asked Roland when he had entered his room.

"I preferred waiting for you to tell me."

"It was very fine; there were beautiful girls, and Cuno knew them all by name, and had some story to tell of every one; stupid stories they mostly were. For hours we had nothing but leaping and bending this way and that, without a word being spoken. Suddenly, I began to wonder what Benjamin Franklin would say if he could see it, and that spoiled all my pleasure. Cuno called me a snob, and I let it pass quietly, but he added something else which came near causing a duel."

"May I know what it was he added?"

"No; it was about you, but—of course you would not care for it. You are not anxious that every one should understand you, and whatever the world may say—"

"Say no more, dear Roland, I beg; I don't care to know what people say about me; it only burdens the mind without helping us to be better. But you have borne yourself well, and may sleep with an easy conscience. This has been your first experience under fire, and will not be your last. Only keep true to yourself and to me. Good-night."

Eric lay down with happy thoughts, and with happy thoughts Roland fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT WORLD IN THE LITTLE CAPITAL.

WHILE Sonnenkamp, the next morning, was looking through the court calendar and making a list of the visits that were first to be paid, Eric, also, was arranging his programme. He determined to free his mind from every personal disquietude, as the only means of being able to devote himself to the new difficulties of his task.

In a large close carriage, made half of glass, with two servants in fur coats sitting on the box, and the footman behind, Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres drove about the city. The question whether Roland's cards should be left too had been carefully considered, and it was finally decided in the affirmative.

Eric used the day's leave of absence he had obtained in visiting some of his old comrades, and spending some time with them at the military club. He was more cordially greeted than he expected, and the men he met were better and sounder than he remembered them. Of course the talk was of the newly-established gaming-table, of horses and ballet-dancers, but there was a prevailing seriousness among many of his comrades. The great excitements of the day, which were affecting all minds, were not without their results even in this military club. One young man, who sat in the window with Eric, went so far as to envy him for having struck out for himself an independent career.

Eric's mind grew quite light and tranquil after visiting a few more of his friends, and he returned to find the Sonnenkamp family in good humor also.

On this first day, the Cabinetsrath, with his wife and two daughters, was invited to dinner. The dresses had come from Paris, and were already the town-talk of the little capital, the custom-house officials having told their wives, and they their relations, that dresses had been received from Paris finer than any in the wardrobe of the Queen herself. They were duly admired by the ladies, and everything was in the best possible train. Sonnenkamp had his party at whist in the fashionable club-house, to which the Cabinetsrath introduced him; and as they rose from table, Bella and her husband were announced as the first visitors.

Bella's gait, manner, and dress always suggested not only invisible servants in livery to appear, but a carriage and horses besides; she always looked as if she had just left her carriage, or was about to enter it; it was so in the drawing-room, and so in the street. She was extremely

animated, and only to Eric regretted that his mother still continued in the country. She told Sonnenkamp that Otto would arrive in a few days, with the Russian prince, for the two men were to take part in a French comedy that was to be performed at court, in which she also was to play. She made Sonnenkamp give her a considerable sum of money for the purchase of articles to be sold for the benefit of the poor, at a fair held at the beginning of the next month, by the first ladies of the capital. Sonnenkamp promised further to place at her disposal some beautiful plants from his greenhouses.

Clodwig was tired, and stipulated beforehand that little should be expected from him in the way of society. The representatives were assembled in both houses. Prince Leonhard, the brother of the reigning Sovereign, a man who had seen the world for himself, and had even travelled in America, had been chosen President of the Chamber of Lords, Clodwig being Vice-President, but having to perform most of the duties of actual President.

While they were still together, they had the pleasure of receiving an invitation from Herr von Endlich to a great ball. Bella could not help repeating what was said by the scandal-mongers, that Herr von Endlich gave his great entertainment thus early, lest the daily expected news of his son-in-law's death should prevent his giving it altogether. This was just the height of the season; they had come to town quite early enough. It was said that the Court would be present at Herr von Endlich's ball; at least the brother of the reigning Prince might confidently be expected, for he maintained relations with society quite independent of the palace. Bella was also called upon to admire the Parisian toilettes in the adjoining room, and advised Frau Ceres to reserve the handsomest for the entertainment Herr Sonnenkamp himself would give.

The evening at Herr von Endlich's was very successful. The nobility, notwithstanding the wound inflicted upon their pride by the Sovereign's inconsiderate raising of the rich wine-merchant to their ranks, were largely represented. It was a singular step for him to have taken, very unlike the almost priestly solemnity with which he usually regarded all affairs of court etiquette. He perceived his mistake, and liked to be made to forget it. A sure way of winning his favor was to show cordiality to Herr von Endlich. So it happened that the company assembled at the house of this newly made noble, was the most brilliant of the season.

Herr von Endlich was shrewd enough to invite some distinguished members of the House of Deputies, and even two of the extreme opposition, not, however, without first having made sure that the Court would take no offence at such a step. The Court itself was not present, except in the person of Prince Leonhard. He had made no secret of his disapproval of this conferring of new titles, but as a subject of his brother, he appeared at the ball, and conversed freely with the members of the opposition, especially with Herr Weidmann, the President of the House of Deputies.

Although the Prince represented his brother, and always spoke of him with great deference, he was not averse to hearing such remarks as, "Ah, if you were the ruler, there would be a different order of things; then we should have a model country." In court circles a secret compassion was felt for Prince Leonhard, because custom made it desirable, in fact even necessary, for him to affect liberal views, to popularize himself, as the aristocracy called it. He encouraged arts and sciences, and even political movements; the journal which was understood to be secretly supported by him slightly favored the opposition.

Prince Leonhard made the circuit of the rooms arm in arm with Clodwig, which was no slight mark of distinction. The Count must have mentioned Eric to the Prince, for he called him from his place behind the first row of those who were waiting to be saluted, and said aloud:—

"I am glad to see you again, my dear Dournay; you have become a great scholar, I hear. Well, well, you always had considerable talent that way; you showed it even as a boy. How is your honored mother?"

Eric expressed his thanks, with a tone of happy relief that the first meeting with Prince Leonhard had passed off so pleasantly. No trifling compliment was paid him by the Prince, who added:—

"I should be glad if you would bring Herr Sonnenkamp to me; where is he?"

Sonnenkamp, unhappily, was not to be found. By the time he was summoned from the smoking-room it was too late; the Prince was already opening the ball with Bella.

Herr von Endlich was beaming with happiness, but Sonnenkamp's face wore a singular expression when he learned that the Prince had desired Captain Dournay to present him. A still more striking contrast existed between the dispositions of the two men. The Wine-count possessed a confident, self-satisfied manner, with sufficient tact, however, to prevent him from giving offence.

His every word and motion plainly implied his superior knowledge on all points. He could enter into conversation with men of the most dissimilar pursuits, and make a good appearance in the eyes of all. The fact of his being financier, political economist, agriculturist, merchant and ship-owner, and thoroughly acquainted with everything connected with those pursuits, he allowed to be taken for granted; but besides these, he was able to converse with equal intelligence upon the exact sciences and all the statesmen of Europe. He was a careful observer, and knew how to turn his observation to good account.

Sonnenkamp, who was often one in a group of persons to whom Herr von Endlich would be talking, was made to feel, perhaps for the first time in his life, quite like a school-boy, in fact, extremely insignificant. He was standing with some others listening to Herr von Endlich's account of the casting of steel, when the Prince approached, and observing that the conversation ceased abruptly upon his arrival, said:—

"Pray, let me not interrupt you," and listened with apparent gratification while Herr von Endlich explained the whole process, as if he had spent his whole life as a worker in a machine shop.

Upon Sonnenkamp being presented, the Prince inquired if he had practised grape culture in America.

Sonnenkamp replied in the negative.

With a sudden change of subject, the Prince then asked again whether he knew Theodore Parker, whose preaching he had heard with pleasure.

Here again Sonnenkamp was unfortunately obliged to say no, feeling himself wretchedly poor and ignorant.

The Prince perceived the stranger's embarrassment, and desiring to introduce a subject on which he could not fail to be at home, asked whether he believed in the possibility of a peaceable settlement of the slavery question.

The bystanders listened with interest, while Sonnenkamp proceeded to state that the horrors generally associated with the idea of slavery had no actual existence, and that the abolitionists might be very well intentioned, but certainly they did not set to work in the right way.

"You must tell me more about this matter of slavery sometime; you must come to see me."

"Your Highness has but to command," replied Sonnenkamp, most happy that the conversation should end here.

Eric stood through the greater part of the

evening near Weidmann, but desirous as he was of giving his undivided attention to the excellent man, he found it impossible to keep his eyes from wandering towards Bella. Bella was in the highest spirits. There was something Juno-like about her appearance. There was a dignified ease and a magnificent fulness of outline, with a look of pride and self-possession; she had a significant word for some, and a lighter for others; age she cheered, youth she made more gay, and all with an inimitable grace and nobleness of manner.

A constrained expression sometimes hovered about her lips, but as she passed from one to another she had a cheerful smile for all, and there was a magic charm in her friendliness. Even in her outward appearance she remained a mystery, for no one could tell the exact color of her eyes, though all were fascinated by their glance.

You might hate Bella, but you could not forget her.

Such must have been Dr. Richard's experience. The Doctor had been unjust to her, Eric thought, for Bella's leading principle was ambition, and ambition directed to great ends would appear like greatness. The feeling that he also had done her injustice, made his manner towards her more friendly and respectful. Bella seemed to divine what was passing in him, and nodded to him from time to time graciously and significantly.

Eric's manner set her mind completely at rest; for in fact she had sometimes secretly thought: What if this tutor should boast—pah! no one would believe him. Besides, he is by nature too noble to boast.

And what had happened between them, after all?

She had already found a subject of pride in her first contrition; having begun by persuading herself that the whole thing had been a passing exuberance of spirits, a tempting pastime, nothing but sport, in fact.

And who could contradict her?

She appeared to herself in the light of a heroine who had gloriously overcome temptation.

Her rehabilitation was so complete as to become the main fact in the case; indeed, the whole thing seemed to her like a romance she had read in some book; it had certainly made a great impression upon her, it had ended differently from what she had expected; but now it was finished, done with, laid aside, returned to the desk of the library. Yes, Bella could laugh at the idea of her still being so impressionable; she was almost proud of being still so naïve in

her feelings, still capable of being carried away. Now it was all over, and she was ready for something else.

She exchanged a few words with Eric and Weidmann, rejoicing that the two had found one another, and hoping that Eric would often come to see Clodwig and herself, that so they might enjoy some more intellectual talk together, and be brought to a knowledge of their true selves in the midst of this whirl of society. She also asked Eric to take her some day into the Cabinet of Antiques, and give her some instruction about them. With a tone of sisterly advice she reminded him that etiquette required the making of certain visits on his part, in order not to be left out of society.

She was rejoiced to hear that he had already done part of his duty in this respect; and in reply to his remark that he had even inquired for the Sovereign's negro, but found he was spending the winter in Naples with the invalid princess of the royal family, she asked:—

"Ah? Herr Sonnenkamp sent you then to the nigger on some special commission?"

Eric replied that he did not understand the question, upon which Bella hastily changed the subject, saying that it was only an idle jest; and soon afterwards she was laughing and talking with Sonnenkamp, and calling his attention to a man in the company, the brother of Herr von Endlich, who kept the most fashionable tailor's shop in the capital.

Herr von Endlich could not help inviting his brother, who was a person of consideration in the city; and it was thought an excellent joke, that the man who sold the clothes yesterday could see now how well they fitted his customers.

Sonnenkamp congratulated himself that he would at least have no such intolerable family connections to dread when he should enter the ranks of the nobility.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLUE RIBBON.

EVERY evening was spent now at the theatre, or at some great entertainment. The morning did not begin till noon. In accordance with Bella's advice, Eric had made the requisite visits, and was generally included in the invitations.

He beheld this society life with fresh eyes, like one coming from another world. What lay behind these smiling, gaily-dressed exteriors, and the friendly greetings they exchanged with one another? He shuddered as he looked at the white-cravatted crowd. In the smoking-room each man vied with

another in telling lewd tales, and then returned to the married ladies and young girls in the dancing-hall, and put on his most courtly manners.

Eric for the most part kept modestly in the background, but Bella was exceedingly friendly and confiding in her manner towards him. She floated gaily down the stream of intoxicating pleasures, pleased to be one of the first, if not the supreme.

The Russian prince also was very gracious to Eric, and talked to him a great deal of Knopf and of a wonderful American child at Mattenheim.

Pranken saluted him in silence, hardly ever exchanging a word with him.

By the first dignitaries of the State and the Court, Eric was kindly received, and heard from various quarters of the praise bestowed upon him by the Countess von Wolfsgarten and her husband.

Eric's acquaintance with Weidmann had reached that point where both regretted that they could see so little of each other, and yet with the best intentions could come no nearer together. Only once did they succeed in getting a deeper insight into one another, and here too, strangely enough, it was when the conversation was personal. They were speaking of Clodwig, for whom both expressed equal respect, but Weidmann could not help saying:—

"I admire this power, but I could never exercise it. Our friend has the faculty of entering heartily into the sphere in which he lives; I mean by that, he can put on and off his moods of mind as he does his dress-coat. His own tastes lead him to live among entirely different interests, interests directly antagonistic to all this whirl and confusion; but the moment he enters this sphere no trace of any antagonism appears in him; he seems perfectly in harmony with the life about him."

Eric took his meaning, and said he could now understand a reproach that he had been tormenting himself with. Weidmann's eye rested thoughtfully upon him as he spoke.

"People say, at one time, that we should try to sift every experience, should take fire at this thing or that; and again, they require us to pass over things indifferently, and let them go without a protest. I cannot do that, and therefore am not suited for society."

Weidmann appeared to take a different view of the matter that disturbed Eric, for he replied that he ought to be perfectly satisfied with having succeeded in fostering noble thoughts in a boy of Roland's character and position.

Often, whole evenings passed without

Eric's seeing Roland, so constantly was he surrounded by the young dancers of both sexes, who praised and petted him like some favorite plaything. Every night he came home with his breast covered with favors in the German, and the day found him weary and absent. Eric noticed that perfumed notes were sometimes handed him by the porter. Any regular course of study was out of the question. Roland went about through the day, humming the music of the night before, which was still running through his head. He preserved with great secrecy in his writing-desk the cards engraved with the order of the dances, and many other souvenirs besides; and his face began to wear an expression of reserve.

Franken was delighted to see his family, as he called the Sonnenkamps, thus admitted into society. It was now arranged that Roland should take part with the others in the French comedy. The young Countess Ottersweier, who was to take the part of a page at the court of Louis Fourteenth, was ill with the measles, and her part was assigned to Roland. A beautiful dress was ordered for him, and all his thoughts were now turned to the play and the rehearsals that were to precede it.

When the first dress-rehearsal took place, and Roland showed himself to his parents in his becoming costume of close-fitting white silk tights, they were full of admiration; his mother in especial could not restrain her expressions of rapture. Roland glanced at Eric, who for some time had been looking gloomily on the ground. He wanted to ask him why he was so pedantic, for that was what his fellow-actors called him; but he checked himself, and only said:—

"I promise you I will learn again, by and by, all the lessons you give me, only let us be merry now."

Eric smiled; he felt that his pupil was having destroyed in him what could never be repaired; but what could he do? The question indeed passed through his mind whether he should not leave, now that all he had so carefully planted and nurtured was taken and trampled under foot; and only the thought that nothing would then stand between Roland and destruction kept him at his difficult post. Still he considered it his duty to communicate his anxiety to Sonnenkamp, who comforted him by saying that American youths were ripe in years, and masters of their own lives, when Germans would be still sitting on a bench at school, and grieving under a master's criticism.

"I fear," said Eric, "that Roland is losing the best possession that man can win."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He should learn above all things to find his best pleasures in himself."

"So you would like to make a scholar of him, a man who can boil his own coffee?"

"You understand me very well, and I understand your joke. You know that what I mean to say is this, that the man who can find no pleasure within himself will find none in the world. On that point we in a manner agree with the church people, only we understand it somewhat differently. Whoever will be happy must enter into the kingdom of heaven that is open in every human soul; who does not that, is always dependent on voluntary or purchased service and respect."

Sonnenkamp listened to Eric's quiet enthusiasm with a nod of assent. He agreed with his ideas, but thought them strangely mixed with an ecclesiastical asceticism which he merely interpreted into the language of the world.

While Roland was at the rehearsals of the French play, Eric would often spend his time at the teachers' club, and was pained to find here also an aristocracy. The teachers of the higher schools were separated from those of the primary. Eric was received by many as an old acquaintance, and found himself followed by the fame he had won at the musical festival, for the teachers are the chief supporters of vocal music. They had a private singing club here, and Eric sang with his comrades more beautifully than ever.

He often stole away from this noisy company and joined the meetings of the humbler school-teachers, where he seemed to be transplanted to another planet.

Here sat the serious, earnest men, most of them worn with work, discussing questions pertaining to their calling, as how best to influence and guide a child's soul; and out in the world, a soul trained to the best of human ability was squandering the teacher's whole long and painful work in a single evening.

If we knew what was to be the result of our labors, we could not live; the best part of our own ideality is our ignorance of the future, and our belief in a full completion of our plans.

Eric could not resist telling Herr Sonnenkamp of his evenings in the school-masters' club, and Sonnenkamp was much interested in his account. He thought it very fine to have other men cultivate the ideal.

"They are happier than we," he said, as he drank his heavy Burgundy.

On the evening preceding the performance of the French play, Roland, at his fa-

ther's bidding, invited all his fellow-actors to a party at the hotel. The gentlemen came, but none of the ladies except Bella. She took Sonnenkamp aside, and told him confidentially that he would never succeed in drawing ladies to his parties, till he had in his house the Frau Professorin neé von Burgholz. She only half acknowledged to herself that she should feel a little ashamed to meet, on her return to the country, a person with whom she had so often discussed the emptiness and worthlessness of the amusements of society, and was therefore anxious to have all brought into the vortex, that none need have to fear the reproachful glances of another; but besides this, it was perfectly true that Sonnenkamp without the von Burgholz would never accomplish what with her aid would be an easy matter.

Bella was malicious enough to tell Sonnenkamp that the Cabinetsrätin fleeced him, while in society she disowned him, and described their connection as one purely of necessity and neighborhood.

Sonnenkamp was doubly incensed, but had to look unconcerned.

The play came off. Roland's beauty and ready grace were the theme of general admiration. Even Bella, whose versatility was admirably displayed by the numerous changes of costume and character that her part had demanded, was quite thrown into the shade by the enthusiasm he excited.

The Queen summoned Roland to her side and conversed for some time with him; both were observed to smile as they talked together. The King came himself to Sonnenkamp and his wife, and congratulated them upon their brilliant son, at the same time asking when he was to enter the school of cadets.

"When a name shall have been graciously bestowed upon him," replied Sonnenkamp calmly.

The King frowned, bowed, and passed on.

Sonnenkamp drew a long breath. He had evidently made a mistake to introduce the matter at such a time and in such a way; but it could not be helped now, and forward was the word. He cast angry glances around, as if he would like to have doubled the whole glittering assembly up in his fists, and kneaded it into what shape he pleased.

His temper was not improved by Pranken coming up, and asking what he could have said to the King that had so ruffled him. Sonnenkamp did not consider it necessary to acknowledge his mistake.

Eric looked with melancholy upon the

scene around him; near the pillar against which he was leaning, a beautiful palm languidly drooped its fan-shaped leaves. It perishes in the sultry air under this bright flood of gas-light, he thought, as he gazed at the plant; if it be restored to a favorable atmosphere, it still pines and perhaps perishes utterly. Will it be so with Roland too? How expect him to strive after the ideal, after a higher activity, when all this splendor and homage have been offered him?

Eric found himself, he could hardly tell why, imagining Professor Einsiedel here; and the thought called a smile to his face, for just such a Professor Einsiedel was he. What then are we who live only in the region of thought? Spectators; nothing but spectators, while there is the world with its driving and snatching after enjoyment, every one plundering and appropriating whatever he can seize. Why will you stand aside? Why not hurry and scuffle with the rest? His breath came quick and short, his cheeks glowed. He was in this mood, when Roland came to him and said:—

"If you are not satisfied with me, I care nothing for the rest."

Eric gave him his hand, and Roland continued:—

"The Queen wants me to be photographed in this dress, and so do all the ladies. The other actors will do the same. Is it not fine?"

"Certainly, it will be a pleasant memento for you by and by."

"Ah, by and by! by and by! it is pleasant now, I don't want to know anything of by and by. Oh, if we only did not have to sleep, and undress, and to-morrow be different again! If we could only live on like this for a hundred years without stopping!"

Eric perceived how completely Roland's head was turned by all the adulation he had received; it was no time now to try to turn the current.

But he himself was put in a state of unwonted excitement before the evening was over.

He had noticed Bella talking very earnestly with the Minister of War, formerly colonel of his regiment, who presently approached him, and, after saluting, and talking of indifferent matters, finally asked if he would not like a professorship in the school of cadets when his pupil entered.

Eric expressed his cordial thanks for the great kindness, but could give no decided answer. He was startled at the next question, whether he had made any definite plan

for himself, after the completion of the young American's education; he had made none. Still more was he startled, when his questioner further asked if he should not then return to his literary and scientific pursuits, as he had heard the highest hopes expressed of him by those who had known him in the university.

Eric was perplexed; all such pursuits he had sacrificed. What was to become of him? To make matters worse, he had drawn his mother also into these relations.

After the Minister had gone, he caught Bella's fiery glance fixed upon him, and he seized the first opportunity that offered, to thank her for having so kindly recommended him to the Minister of War.

"All jealousy — all jealousy; I want to get you out of the house before that fascinating Manna returns." Bella was in great good humor.

The next day, while Roland was with his companions at the photographer's, decorated with a new blue ribbon which he had secretly fastened on his dress, and while servants were distributing cards of invitation to the great Sonnenkamp ball, Sonnenkamp himself, accompanied only by Lootz, drove to Villa Eden.

CHAPTER V.

A STRONG HAND IS POWERLESS.

THE Frau Professorin was sitting at the window of the warm and comfortable sitting-room. Carpets and cushions within, and moss without, shut out every draught. The sewing-machine at which she sat moved so easily, that scarce a sound was heard from it. From the river came the noise of the grating and crashing of the great masses of ice, as they struck against one another, changed their shapes, and floated on again.

She often looked out across the river and into the country, and saw the smoke rising from the houses in the different hamlets; she was familiar with the life there now.

Accompanied sometimes by Fräulein Milch, sometimes by the huntsman, but generally by Sevenpiper, whose cheerfulness she took great delight in, she had made her way everywhere, ordering and helping with word and deed. There was a constant passing of visitors back and forth, some coming with thanks, and some with new petitions. She thought herself highly favored in being allowed an activity so abundant, and so immediately fruitful in results.

But the Frau Professorin was not without higher pursuits, for she read over again her husband's favorite books, and studied his comments written on almost every page,

drawing thence a strength which enabled her to live in silent communion with the departed. Her husband's words she generally read aloud; it did her good to move her lips, and hear a voice speaking his opinions. Often also she had to read aloud, in order to drive away the thoughts which crowded upon her at all times, thoughts about Sonnenkamp, his life and character, and what he had been in the past, but especially about Manna, and the feelings that were working in her. She thought she understood now the meaning of Manna's words to Roland when she was leaving her parents' home: "I too am an Iphigenia." She repeated to herself, as she sat at work, the song of the Fates in Goethe's drama, and her heart was burdened by this mystery of the children's having to suffer for the sins of the parents.

In the midst of these sonorous and powerful lines, she heard the sound of wheels stopping before the house. Perhaps it was the Doctor coming to sit an hour with her, as he often did; she knew he liked to have her stay quietly in her place. But it was another step that approached, another knock at the door, and Herr Sonnenkamp entered.

"Are you quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

The Frau Professorin was greatly embarrassed; this was the first time she had seen Sonnenkamp since hearing that about him which she could never tell him; it required all her self-control to enable her to offer him her hand. He drew off his fur glove and grasped her hand in his. For the first time she felt the steel ring on his thumb like a cold snake. With terror she saw her hand in his. This hand of Sonnenkamp's, so thick and hard, with the fingers bent back and the flesh growing over the nails, was the hand of the Pharisee in Titian's picture of the tribute money. So between the thumb and forefinger does the Pharisee hold the piece of money, and there is an evil, violent, and hypocritical look, if we may so express ourselves, about the hand. She remembered standing one day, during her wedding journey, in the picture gallery at Dresden, when her husband covered for a moment the face of Christ and that of the Pharisee, and drew her attention to the wonderful drawing of the two hands, which in themselves revealed the opposite characters of the men. With the speed of lightning did those thoughts and images pass through the lady's mind.

Sonnenkamp observed this emotion, so unlike her usual calm self-possession, but naturally attributing it to surprise, said with ready tact: —

"I have often noticed that intellectual persons who live much in themselves, and especially noble women of superior cultivation, are not fond of surprises; I must therefore beg your forgiveness for this one."

The Frau Professorin looked at him in amazement. How was it possible that a man, whose life in the past had been what this man's had, could understand such subtle emotions and express them so delicately? She confessed that he had rightly interpreted her emotion, and asked whether his visit was to herself, or one of inspection to his establishment. The question was an awkward one, she knew, but she could think of no other at the moment.

"My visit concerns no one but yourself," said Sonnenkamp; "and I almost regret my purpose of disturbing this beautiful repose. I come from a life of such confusion as makes it hard to believe that repose like yours can exist upon the same planet. We live in a perpetual whirl; the only comfort is that we have still the power of sleeping."

"I am familiar with this excitement of carnival time," said the lady smiling. "How we long for quiet, and yet are ever pursued by the music and laughter of the evening before."

Sonnenkamp now openly declared the object of his visit; and with great humility begged the Frau Professorin to confer upon his house the grace and dignity which she only could give it.

The lady regretted she must decline; she was no longer fitted for gaiety.

"I should not have thought your views of life would be gloomy, but rather free and cheerful."

"I believe they are. I do not consider our life as a dismal charitable institution, from which all cheerfulness is banished. It is right that youth should dance, and not think of the people who are shivering with the cold, and of the grief and misery everywhere, at the very moment they are moving so gaily. I love cheerfulness; we have no strength without it."

"Give us your help then; all the more will we devote ourselves afterward to our poor brothers and sisters of the great human family."

The Professorin had to struggle against a feeling of indignation, that would rise within her, at the idea of the man trifling thus with words like these. She looked at his hands as if there was blood upon them, and these blood-stained hands were offering her festive wine.

She could say no more, she only shook her head, repeating, —

"I cannot; believe me, I cannot."

"Then," began Sonnenkamp, "I shall proceed at once to tell you the secret of my life."

The Professorin had to put both hands on her table to steady herself. What was the man going to say! She silently inclined her head, and Sonnenkamp told how it was his unwavering desire, and a matter of necessity for his wife, Roland and Manna, that he should be raised to the ranks of the nobility.

The Professorin shuddered. What? Did this man dare to propose such a thing? The von Burgholz spirit was roused within her. How could a man with such a past as his have such presumption?

Sonnenkamp watched her eagerly. Something was going on in the mind of this woman which he could not fathom. She kept silence, making no response to the confidence he had honored her with.

"Why do you not answer?" he asked at last.

The lady controlled herself and said, as she inclined her head somewhat backwards:

"Shall you not find it hard to bear another name?"

Sonnenkamp looked keenly at her.

"I found it hard as a wife," she continued, "to bear another name."

"Excuse me, my dear lady," replied Sonnenkamp courteously; "you had to take a citizen's name; it is much easier to assume a noble one."

He exhorted her, urged his request upon her more earnestly, enforcing it by the warmly expressed wish of the countess Bella.

The Professorin insisted that no one, even though admitted to the closest friendship, could decide upon the life she should lead; she was resolved never to return to society.

Sonnenkamp was driven to extremity. He believed that the Professorin's only objection was to appearing as a dependant, and that she would no longer refuse, if a free and independent position were assured her. In a manner, therefore, at once unassuming and emphatic, he told her that he should here, and now, put into her hands a sum of money sufficient to maintain her in an establishment of her own for the rest of her life. He put his hand in his breast-pocket as he spoke, and drew out his pocket-book.

"No, sir, I beg of you," answered the Professorin, coloring deeply and fixing her eyes upon his fingers, — just so did the Pharisee hold the piece of money. "It's not that, I assure you. I am ashamed of

no position, since I have the true honor within myself; neither do I fear, as you possibly imagine, being too deeply moved by contact with any of the relations of society. I have voluntarily resigned all connection with it. I have made no outward vow, but I beg you to respect my decision as the vow of a nun, as you would if it were the decision of your daughter. I regret that I must beg you to urge me no further, as no inducements could have any influence upon me."

It was hard for Sonnenkamp to control his anger, and restore the pocket-book to its place.

He rose and went to the window.

For some time he gazed fixedly out, then turning round with a smile, he said, —

"There in the river are floating the blocks of ice; a soft breath bursts the icy covering; why might not also, my honored friend — you will allow me so to call you — every one has in his life a something — I know not how to call it, an action, a purpose — you understand what I mean — that ought not to fetter all our future."

"Allow me to say," returned the Professorin, "that in my case this would be a breach of faith. I have nothing left in the world but fidelity to myself."

"You fill me with admiration," said Sonnenkamp, hoping to gain his point by expressions of admiring respect.

He was obliged to assume a gracious and smiling exterior while inwardly chafing, for the Professorin was immovable. There was an imploring manner about him, as if he would say: I know no way of help but through you; yet he found himself unable to put it into words.

The Professorin felt that she must do something kind to the poor rich man, must give him something to restore his cheerfulness and courage, and with hearty sincerity she said, —

"Let me express to you the thanks of the hundreds whom you have fed and comforted. You have made me very happy by employing me as the medium of your benefactions, and I desire that you should feel yourself the source of happiness to others."

With great animation she described the excellent order into which the neighborhood had been brought, and how her help had not waited for sickness, either physical or moral, but had helped forward those who were sound. She told so many beautiful and touching incidents, that Sonnenkamp could only stammer out as he gazed at her:

"It is all well — very well — I thank you."

He once more gave her his hand and left

the room. At the front door he encountered Fräulein Milch, but hurried by almost without looking at her.

Fräulein Milch found the Professorin washing her hands with all her might, as if she feared she should never wash them clean from the man's touch.

"Did he tell you he was to be raised to the ranks of the nobility?" asked the Fräulein.

The Professorin looked at her in amazement. How came this simple housekeeper in her seclusion to know everything?

The butcher from the capital, Fräulein Milch said, who had been buying a pair of fat oxen from her neighbor, had spread the report.

Secrets creep out through strange channels.

CHAPTER VI.

GOLD GIVES FAME.

A STRANGER is inspecting the house, the garden, the park, the hot-houses, the stables. Who owns them all? An American, about whose past life there is a mystery.

Sonnenkamp returned to his old home-life as in a dream; he looked back upon a time long past; it was no longer himself, but a stranger who was examining the place; he who had built and planted it all was dead. Sonnenkamp smote his forehead with his hand, to banish the spell which was overmastering him. What power was weaving it over him, and depriving him of his own personality? Nothing but this woman's poor pride in her own virtue.

"I still am, I still will, and all of them shall serve me," he said aloud to himself.

He examined the trees in the garden; a pure tender covering of hoar frost upon the branches kept them motionless, and threw over all around an aspect of such stillness, yet so shining and glorified, that the spectator involuntary held his breath. Here and there trees and shrubs had been cut down by his direction, as was necessary in order that the artistic effects that were aimed at in the laying out of the park should be preserved; and Sonnenkamp never allowed the growth of the trees to exceed the conception he had in his mind when planning his grounds.

Two fine Newfoundland dogs, which had always been his close companions, he ordered to be let loose, and smiled as the creatures leaped upon him full of delight at greeting their master. There was something that could give him a joyous greeting and be glad in his presence; dogs after all were the best creatures in the world. He

made the entire circuit of the place with the dogs, and when he reached the fruit orchard looked about him with a pleased smile; the carefully trained branches, with their mantle of snowy rime, were like the most delicate works of art. He on wished that he could transplant them just as they were into the capital, and set them up before the astonished eyes of his guests.

His guests! Would they really come? Would not this entertainment so pompously announced end in humiliation? The branches of fruit-trees can be trained and bent at will; why are men so obstinate? Suddenly his face broke into a smile. He had heard a great deal said of a famous singer who was enchanting all Paris; she must come, cost what it would, and she must pledge herself to give no public concert, but to sing only in his drawing-room, and perhaps at court. He would offer the contemptible beau-monde of the capital what no one else could.

He had the dogs shut up again, and heard them whining and barking. That was all right; the only kind of creatures to have were those that could be sent for when you wanted them, and shut up when you were tired of them.

Sonnenkamp had the horses harnessed at once and drove to the telegraph station, whence he sent a message to his agent in Paris, stating exactly his plan, and ordering the answer to be returned to him at the capital. Animated with fresh courage, full of contempt for the whole world and of pride in his own fertile invention, he drove back to the hotel. That same evening he received the intelligence that the singer would come. Pranken was with him when the message was received.

Sonnenkamp was anxious to have the world at once informed of this extraordinary entertainment which he was able to offer them; it should be announced in the court journal. But Pranken was opposed to any such public announcement, and advised that one and another of the guests should be confidentially informed of the pleasure in store for them; and then every one would be flattered by the confidence, and would duly spread the news abroad. Pranken himself undertook to communicate the extraordinary intelligence to some of his favorite companions at the military club.

The singer came, and exercised a greater force of attraction than the Frau Professorin could have done.

Bella appeared early on the evening of the ball, and congratulated Sonnenkamp on his great success; and in fact nothing was wanting to the brilliancy of the entertain-

ment. The popular Prince appeared with his wife, and the rooms were filled with the cream of the society of the capital; the American Consul-general, with his wife and two daughters, was present also; everywhere were heard expressions of admiration of the host, and thanks for his generosity. Frau Ceres alone was somewhat out of temper at having her own splendor eclipsed by the wonderful talent of the singer, who drew the whole company about her. The Prince talked with her a full half hour, while with Frau Ceres he spoke but a few minutes.

Sonnenkamp moved among his guests with a feeling of triumph in his heart. Outwardly he affected great modesty, but inwardly he despised them all, saying to himself, —

A handful of gold can work wonders; honor, distinction in society, everything, can be had for gold.

Two topics engrossed the conversation of the capital the next day: Herr Sonnenkamp's ball, the like of which the city had never seen, and the death of the young husband of Fräulein von Endlich, news of which had been received the evening before, but had been kept back in order not to deprive the family and numerous connections of the Court Marshal from enjoying Sonnenkamp's ball.

The next evening, the paper edited by Professor Crutius contained a witty article upon the two events, sarcastically blending the news of the death with the Sonnenkamp ball. The splendor of the occasion was thus partially dimmed, and Sonnenkamp discussed with Pranken the possibility of gaining over this poor devil of an editor also with a handful of gold.

Pranken opposed the plan, on the ground that no communication of any kind should be held with these communists, as he called all those who were not in sympathy with the government; and this man, who scorned no means that could further the plan of being admitted to the nobility, was amazed that Sonnenkamp should not be ashamed of employing bribery here.

Sonnenkamp appeared convinced, but appealed to Eric, who before had been the medium of conveying relief to the man, and desired him to put himself again in communication with him, and let him know that Sonnenkamp was ready to assist him if he were in need.

Eric emphatically excused himself.

The singer was not summoned to Court, it being contrary to etiquette that she should sing there after appearing in the house of a private citizen. She left the

capital, and Sonnenkamp, ball, and music were soon forgotten.

Sonnenkamp was even obliged to submit to the humiliation of not being invited himself to Court. He was openly given to understand that the Sovereign had been much displeased with his having, at the French play, so awkwardly introduced a matter which needed to be handled with the greatest delicacy. Pranken told him this in a tone of malicious pleasure mixed with regret; Sonnenkamp should always keep in mind that he was to be indebted to him for his patent of nobility.

The evening of the court ball, which was the one subject of conversation throughout the capital, and which was attended by two noble families from the Hotel Victoria who had come from the country for the purpose, was a most trying time to Sonnenkamp; yet he had to hide his rage and exert himself to comfort Frau Ceres, who kept insisting on leaving the capital at once, since this was the one thing she had been aiming at, and now it was all over.

Even the Cabinetsrätin absented herself this evening, being obliged, to her great regret, as she said, to appear at Court. Thus the family sat by themselves; and this evening, for the first time, Eric managed to acquire again a firmer hold upon Roland's mind, for Roland, too, was full of indignation. He listened in silence, but with dilating eye, as Eric described the emptiness of all worldly honors if we have not a consciousness of self-respect within us; for they make us dependent upon others, and such dependence was the most abject slavery.

At the word slavery, Roland rose and asked Eric if he had forgotten his promise of telling him how different nations dealt with slavery. Eric was amazed that the subject should have dwelt in the boy's mind through all the excitement he had undergone, and promised to give him the history of the whole matter, as far as he was able, when they should return to Villa Eden.

Sonnenkamp had great difficulty in concealing his sense of injury, yet he must not give additional weight to the slight that had been put upon him by allowing his feelings to appear. The family of the Cabinetsrätin he took especial pains to load with friendly attentions. They must be made to keep to their bargain; they had had their pay, and were not to be allowed to cheat him. He made the young cadet a spy upon his son, giving him money for taking Roland to the gaming-table, tempting him to high play, and then making an exact report of his behavior. He was not a little surprised at the cadet's reporting that Roland utterly re-

fused to play, because he had promised Eric never to gamble, even for an apparently trifling stake.

Sonnenkamp would have liked to thank Eric for this great influence over his son, but judged it best to feign ignorance of the whole matter. He begged Bella, when she came for Eric to fulfil his promise and take her to the cabinet of antique casts, not to disturb his wife's present tranquillity by referring to the court-ball.

Eric took Roland with them to the museum, and though Bella said nothing, she understood his motive for doing so. On their way thither they met the Russian prince, and Bella ordered the carriage to stop and invited him to accompany them, thinking that thus the party could divide into two groups, the Russian walking sometimes with Roland, and she with Eric; but she could not manage it so; Eric did not once let go of Roland's hand.

They stood long before the group of Niobe and her children, Bella jokingly protesting that the teacher, who seeks to protect the boy from the arrow of the god, was of the Russian type. Eric might explain as often as he would that the head was a modern addition and represented a Scythian, that the teacher was a slave who attended the boy to school or wherever he went, as one of our lackeys might, she still insisted that he was a Russian. As Eric called attention to the fact, that the maiden in the centre of the group clings to her mother Niobe and hides her face in terror, while the boy by the side of his attendant voluntarily turns toward the danger, and with outstretched hand strives to avert it, Roland gazed fixedly upon him, and turned almost as white as the plaster itself; his eye sparkled, and the soft dark hair just beginning to show on lip and chin seemed to tremble. On the way home he drew close to Eric, and trembling as if with cold said:—

"Do you remember when that letter with the great seal came to your parent's house?"

"Certainly—certainly."

"Then you should have been director, and is it not strange, here stand these figures day and night, summer and winter, waiting for us, and keeping still, and looking up while we are dancing and dying."

"What are you talking of?" asked Eric, alarmed by Roland's strange tone and manner.

"Oh, nothing—nothing. I don't know myself what I am saying. I seem to be only hearing the words, and yet am really saying them. I don't know what is the matter with me."

Eric hurried the feverish boy home.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND NIOBE'S SON.

EVERY day, whenever Frau Ceres saw Roland, she would say:—

"Why, Roland, how pale you look! Does he not look very pale?" Here she invariably appealed to Eric, and upon his answering in the negative seemed reassured.

But one day when the Mother exclaimed in terror:—

"Why, Roland, you do look so pale!" Eric could not deny it.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," he complained as Eric took him to his chamber.

"Everything seems to be turning round me," he said as he looked about the room.

"What does it mean? Oh! Oh!"

He sank down on a chair and burst into a sudden fit of weeping.

Eric stood amazed.

The boy seemed to lose consciousness, and, with his eyes wide open, stared at Eric as if he did not see him.

"Roland, what is the matter?" asked Eric.

Roland did not answer; his head was like ice.

Eric gave a pull at the bell, and then bent over the boy again.

Sonnenkamp entered, to know why they did not come to dinner. Eric pointed to Roland.

The father threw himself upon the lifeless form, and a piercing cry was wrung from his breast.

Joseph was sent in haste for a physician, and by the use of strong salts Roland was restored to consciousness. His father and Eric undressed him and put him to bed, the poor boy moaning all the while, and his teeth chattering with the chill that followed the first attack of fever.

Sonnenkamp looked in terror at the anxiety depicted on the physician's face when he saw his patient.

"It is a very violent attack; I don't know what the result may be. Has he often such?" asked the doctor.

"Never before! never before!" cried Sonnenkamp.

After the application of various restoratives Roland was able again to speak, and his first words were:—

"I thank you, Eric."

The doctor left, after giving strict orders that the patient should be kept quiet, so that if possible he might sleep. After an hour of anxiety, during which Eric and Sonnenkamp scarcely ventured to speak to one another, he returned; and having exam-

ined Roland again, he pronounced that the nervous system had been overstrained, and that he was threatened with nervous fever.

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Sonnenkamp. They were the only words he spoke that night, during the whole of which he watched in the adjoining room, occasionally stealing on tip-toe to the sick boy's bed to listen to his breathing.

When Frau Ceres sent to know why they did not return to the drawing-room, they sent an evasive answer and begged her to go to bed. Having understood, however, that Roland was slightly unwell, she came softly to his bedside during the night, and seeing him quietly sleeping returned to her own room.

"Misfortunes never come singly," Sonnenkamp repeated when the next morning at dawn the physician pronounced the fever to have declared itself. He ordered the most careful nursing, and wanted to send for a sister of charity, but Eric said that his mother would be the best nurse Roland could have.

"Do you think she will come?"

"Certainly."

A telegram was at once despatched to the green house, and in an hour the answer came that mother and aunt were on their way.

The news of the beautiful boy's severe illness spread rapidly through the city. Servants in all manner of liveries, and even the first ladies and gentlemen, came to inquire after him.

The noisy music of the noon parade startled Roland as it passed the house, and he screamed:—

"The savages are coming! the savages are coming! the red skins, the savages are coming! Hiawatha! Laughing-water!—The money belongs to the boy; he didn't steal it. —Hats off before the baron, do you hear? fly!—The blacks!—Ah! Franklin!"

Eric offered to request the Commandant for an order to have the band pass through another street, or at least stop playing when passing the hotel.

A sudden thaw having carried away the snow, it was found necessary to spread straw before the whole front of the Hotel Victoria, to deaden the sound of the wheels.

Eric's mother received a most cordial greeting from Sonnenkamp, and did her best to soothe Frau Ceres, who complained that it was horrible to have Roland ill, and that she had to suffer for it, as she was ill herself. At the Mother's suggestion, which Sonnenkamp at once adopted, being only too happy to have anything to do, any new means to try, Dr. Richard, who was famil-

iar with Roland's constitution, was also telegraphed for. He arrived at a late hour of the night, and approved of all that had been done for Roland. He laid his chief injunctions upon Eric and his mother, impressing on them the necessity of guarding themselves as much as possible from the nervous excitement attendant on a life in a sick-room, of taking plenty of rest and amusement, going out often and refreshing their minds with new images. He would not leave them till both had given a promise to this effect.

After a consultation with the attending physician he prepared to depart, but when shaking hands at parting stopped to say:—

"I must warn you against the Countess von Wolfsgarten."

Eric was startled.

"She has remedies for every possible disease; and you must politely but resolutely decline whatever she, in her dictatorial way, may press upon you."

"He is not going to die, is he?" asked Sonnenkamp of the physician, as he stood upon the steps.

The physician replied, that in extreme cases the powers of nature were all we could rely upon.

Sonnenkamp fairly shook with rage, rage against the whole world. With all his wealth he could do nothing, command nothing; but must fall back upon the powers of nature, in which Roland had no advantage over the son of a beggar!

Frau Ceres lay upon the sofa in the balcony room among the flowers and birds, staring vacantly at them, scarcely speaking, and eating and drinking almost nothing. She did not venture to go to Roland's bed, but required to be informed every hour how he was.

The entire want of union among the members of the household became now apparent. Each one lived for himself, and thought every one else was there only for the purpose of adding to his or her comfort.

At noon a great event occurred, nothing less than the reigning Princess sending her own court physician. Sonnenkamp was full of gratitude for this distinction, which unhappily he had to receive under such melancholy circumstances.

Day and night, Eric, his mother, and aunt sat, now by turns, and now together, by the sick boy's bed. He knew no one, but lay the greater part of the time in a half sleep; sometimes, however, in an access of fever, he would start up with a glowing face and cry:—

"Papa is dancing upon the black people's heads! Give me back my blue ribbon! Ah,

ah!" Then as if in an ecstasy he would exclaim, "Ah! that is the German forest! quiet, Devil! There, take the may-flowers—blue ribbon—the boy has stolen the ring—the laughing sprite—respect to the young baron—back, Griffin!"

The touch of Eric's hand upon his forehead always soothed him. Once when his father was present, Roland sang a negro song, but so unintelligibly that they could hardly make out the words. Suddenly, however, he cried out:—

"Away with those great books! take away the great books! they are written with blood!"

Sonnenkamp inquired if Roland had ever sung the song when he was well; and if Eric knew from whom he had learned it. Eric had never heard it. Sonnenkamp's manner towards Eric and his mother was full of humble respect. He gratefully confessed that this illness, which threatened his very existence, had yet given him that which otherwise he might never have obtained. He had never believed in human goodness and unselfish devotion; but he saw them now displayed before him in unceasing activity. He would gladly kneel before the Mother and worship her, he added with an expression that came from his heart, for she had refused to come for pleasure, but was ready at once when called to night-watching and the exercise of sorely tried patience; he should never, never forget it.

The Mother felt that there was another patient here needing her care, besides the fevered boy who lay there with closed eyes. Her intercourse with Sonnenkamp became more intimate; he complained to her of his never-resting grief, and again and again would come the thought: What I desire, I desire only for this son. If he die, I shall kill myself. I am worse than killed now, and no one must know it. Here is a being who has no past, must have no past; and now his future is to be taken from him!

"Am I to have no son because I was no son?" he cried once, but quickly controlling himself he added: "Do not heed me, dear lady; I am speaking myself like a man in fever."

The Mother begged him to compose himself, for she was sure that by the mysterious laws of sympathy, any excitement in those about him would react upon the patient.

In the stillness of the night the Mother sat by the boy's sick-bed, listening to the chimes that rang out the hours from the church tower; and these bells, heard in the night by the sick-bed of the poor rich boy, brought up her own life before her.

Eric often reproached himself for his too great indulgence, in having allowed Roland to be drawn into that whirl of excitement which was now perhaps killing him; and he remembered that day in the cold gallery before the Niobe, when the fever first showed itself. He was another whom the Mother had to soothe. She alone preserved a firm balance, and offered a support on which all others could lean. She handed Eric the letter she had received from Professor Einsiedel on New Year's day, and asked about the scientific work which she had not before heard of. Eric explained how it had all come about. His mother perceived that he had yet learned nothing of Sonnenkamp's past life, and took care to tell him nothing, thinking he ought not to have the additional burden of such knowledge at this time of anxiety for the sick boy, and of increased difficulties in the way of his training.

In obedience to Dr. Richard's strict directions, the Mother often went out to visit her old friends, among them the wife of the Minister of War, and was greatly comforted at learning that Eric could have a professorship in the school of cadets, when Roland entered the academy. She always returned home greatly cheered from these visits.

Eric, too, made calls, spending many hours with Clodwig. Bella he seldom saw, and then but for a short time; she evidently avoided now any interview with him alone.

Franken took great offence at Eric's mother having been sent for without his advice; these Dournays seemed to him to be weaving a net about the Sonnenkamp family. He came sometimes to inquire for Roland, but spent most of his time at Herr von Endlich's, in the society of the young widow lately returned from Madeira.

Much as Eric had desired to become better acquainted with Weidmann, the whirl of society had hitherto prevented, and now that the Parliament was no longer in session, Weidmann had left the capital without any closer relation having been formed between them.

Weeks passed away in trembling suspense. The sick boy's wandering fancies took a wholly new direction. He imagined himself with Manna, and was constantly talking to her, caressing her, jesting with her, and teasing her about the picture of Saint Anthony. Manna had not been told of her brother's illness; it seemed useless to burden her with anxiety, when she could do nothing to help.

Sonnenkamp continued to be greatly vexed that there was nothing to be done but to wait for the forces of nature. He sent

considerable sums of money to the poor of the capital and to all the charitable institutions; he reminded Eric of what he had told him of the teachers' union, and handed him a handsome sum for the furthering of the objects of the association.

One day he asked the Professorin if it were not possible that prayer might help the sick. She replied that she knew no positive answer to such a question, that Sonnenkamp must compose himself, and be glad if he could cherish such a beautiful faith. He looked sadly at her.

Roland talked so constantly with his sister, that Sonnenkamp asked the physician if Manna had not better be sent for, and was delighted at receiving an affirmative answer.

It was a comfort to him in the midst of his duties, to think that now he could force his child from the convent, and never let her leave him more. His heart rejoiced in the prospect of being able to have both his children with him, when Roland was well again. He walked up and down the room, rapidly opening and shutting his hands, as if he were leading his children by his side.

The careful Lootz was despatched to the convent with an urgent letter enclosing the doctor's directions, to which he would gladly have added a few words of the Professorin; but she was resolved to interfere in no possible way of Manna's plan of life, even in a case of extreme necessity, and refused to write.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SISTER OUTSIDE THE FAMILY.

Snow lay upon the roof of the convent, and upon the trees, meadows, and roads of the island; but within the great house was an animated twofold life, for the whole sacred narrative was here rehearsed afresh in the minds and before the eyes of the children. Every day were recalled those nightly events, so touching and blessed, that took place in Canaan nearly two thousand years ago. Manna lived so entirely in these representations, that she often had to stop and force herself to think where she was. She was seized with a longing to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to kiss the soil of the Holy Land, and there atone for all the evil done by those who were near to her, and those who were strangers to her.

Her eyes beamed as with a fire from above, while with wonderful power she repeated the sacred history to little Heimchen, who was again sick in bed. But the little girl made her smile to-day by asking:—

"Is there snow in Jerusalem too, then?"

Manna had scarcely considered what season of the year it was, so entirely was she absorbed in the life she was describing. As she turned to look at the melting snow, a lay-sister entered and handed her a letter.

"Where is the messenger?" she asked.

"He is waiting in the reception-room."

"I will give him an answer," returned Manna, and began to read her letter a second time.

She paced the cell backwards and forwards; at one moment she wanted to seek the Lady Superior and ask what she should do, but the next, her heart shrank at the thought. Why ask advice of another human being? She looked at her hand, which had been pressed upon her eyes. You cannot weep, said a voice within her; you must not weep for aught in this world.

"What is the matter?" cried Heimchen from the bed. "What makes you look so cross?"

"I am not cross, I am not cross; do you think I am?"

"No; now you look pleasant again. Stay with me, Manna—stay with me; don't go away—stay with me, Manna. Manna, I shall die."

Manna bent over the child and soothed her. This is the first trial, she thought, and it is a hard one. Now I must show whether love of mankind, of the Saviour, is stronger in me than family affection. I ought, I must! She committed Heimchen to the care of a lay-sister, and, promising soon to return, descended to the church. At sight of the picture, which made her think involuntarily of the man who was with Roland, she covered her face with her hands, threw herself in deep contrition upon her knees, and prayed fervently. Thus she lay long, her face buried in her hands. At length her decision was made, and she rose. I ought and must, and I can! I must have strength for it! I am resolved to live only for the service of the Eternal. Roland has good care taken of him; he recognizes no one; if I go to him it will be to remove my own distress, not his. Here, on the other hand, is Heimchen sick and needing me. There is no question as to my duty; I will stay at the post where not my will, but that of the Highest, has placed me.

She remembered the Lady Superior telling her how her father and mother had died, and she could not leave her convent to go to them. Manna resolved to do the same thing voluntarily, under the compulsion of no vow. She trembled as she thought that it might be better for Roland if he could die now before he fell into sin, and perhaps had

to hear the dreadful secret. The idea was almost more than she could bear, but she held her resolution fast.

Manna returned to her cell, meaning to write and tell all that was in her soul, but she could not. She descended to the reception-room, told Lootz simply that she could not go back with him; and then, returning again to her cell, looked out upon the landscape. Life seemed frozen within her, but as the melting snow dripped from the roof, so her tears broke forth at last, and she wept bitterly; yet her decision remained unshaken. The whole night was spent in watching and prayer, and the next morning she told her story to the Lady Superior, who made no answer besides a silent inclination of the head.

Again in her cell, Manna read the letter, and was made aware for the first time that Eric's mother was nursing Roland. The paper trembled in her hand, as she read of Roland's constant talking with her in his fevered ravings. Why did her father write nothing of Pranken? Where was he? she asked herself; then, indignant that her thoughts should still cling to the world, with a sudden resolve she flung the letter into the open grate, and watched it break into momentary flame, and then float in light flakes up the chimney. So had it been in her heart, so ought it to be; nothing more from the outer world should reach her.

CHAPTER IX.

GROWTH DURING ILLNESS.

"He is saved!" said the doctor, and "He is saved," was repeated by voice after voice through the whole city.

The doctor enjoined double care in guarding Roland from the least excitement of any kind, and when the boy complained of the horrible tedium of his sick-room, both Eric and the doctor laughingly reminded him that he had his good time in the first place, and that ennui was the first sure step towards recovery. Roland complained also of being kept hungry, and then added, his face seeming to grow fuller and fairer as he spoke:—

"Hiawatha voluntarily suffered hunger, and do you remember, Eric, my thinking then that man was the only creature that could voluntarily hunger? Now I must practice what I preached."

Roland showed himself particularly full of affection toward Eric's mother. He maintained that she was the only person he had recognized during his delirium, and that it had caused him the greatest distress not

to be able to say so at the time, but the wrong words would keep coming from his mouth. Even the Mother did not stay with him long at a time.

He rejoiced to see lilies of the valley in his room, and remembered that he had dreamed of them.

"Was not Manna with me too? I was always seeing her black eyes."

Heimchen's illness, they told him, prevented her leaving the convent.

He wanted to see the photograph taken of him in his page's dress, and said to Eric:

"You were right, it will be a pleasant recollection to me by and by. Indeed the by and by is already here; it seems to me two years ago. Do give me a glass, for I must know how I look."

"Not now," returned Eric; "not for a week yet."

Roland was as obedient as a little child, and as grateful as an appreciative man. The second day, he begged Eric to let him relieve his mind by speaking out what was in it.

"If you will speak calmly I will hear you."

"Listen to me then, and warn me when I speak too excitedly. I was on the sea, and dolphins were playing about the ship, when suddenly there was nothing to be seen but black men's heads, and in the midst of them a pulpit swimming, in which stood Theodore Parker preaching with a mighty voice, louder than the roaring of the sea; and the pulpit kept swimming on and on with the ship—"

"You are speaking excitedly already," interposed Eric. Roland went on more quietly, in a low tone, but every word perfectly distinct:—

"Now comes the most beautiful part of all. I told you how as I lay in the forest that time when I was journeying after you—nearly a year ago now—there came a child with long, bright, wavy hair, and said, 'This is the German forest;' and I gave her mayflowers, and she was taken up in a carriage and disappeared; you remember it all, don't you? But in my dream it was even more bright and beautiful. 'This is the German forest,' was sung by hundreds and hundreds of voices, just as it was at the musical festival, oh, so beautifully, so beautifully!"

"That will do," interrupted Eric; "you have told enough, and must be left alone awhile."

Eric told his mother of the strange fairy story, which that decisive journey had given rise to in Eric's mind—he had heard of it before from Claus—and mentioned as a singular circumstance, that this second rev-

olution in the boy's nature resulting in his illness, should have recalled to him this story.

The Mother was of opinion that something similar to the story must actually have happened, but warned Eric not to refer to the subject again, for every recollection of past events retarded recovery and a return to a natural state of mind.

The first time Roland could stand up, they were all surprised to see how much he had grown during his illness. The down too, on his lip and chin, to his great delight, had increased perceptibly. When he saw, for the first time, the straw spread before the house, he said,—

"So the whole city has known of my illness, and I have every one to thank. That is the best of all. How many I owe gratitude to! Whoever shall come to me now, for the rest of my life will have a claim upon me."

Eric and his mother exchanged glances as Roland spoke, and then cast their eyes to the ground. Wonderful was the awakening to life displayed before them in this young soul.

"Did Eric tell you that I had seen Pranken?" asked Roland.

"Yes. Now lie down to sleep."

"No," he cried; "one thing more!"

He called for his pocket-book, in which he had written the name of the groom whom he had suspected of robbing him on his night journey. Reproaching himself for having hitherto neglected to inquire about him, he charged Eric to find the man, who was now a soldier in his regiment here, and bring him to his room.

The soldier came, and received from Roland a sum of money very nearly as large as that in the purse at the time. Eric had no need to have given such strict injunctions to the man not to excite Roland by much talking, and vehement expressions of gratitude, for the soldier had no power to speak a word. He felt as if he were in fairy land, at being thus summoned into a great hotel, before a beautiful sick boy, and presented with such a sum of money; it was like being transported into another world.

Contented and happy, Roland lay in bed again. He begged his father, when next he came to his bedside, to give away all his clothes, for he would wear none of them again.

"Do you want to put on your uniform at once?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"No, not now; but I want to go home soon, as soon as we can, back to the villa; home, home!"

Sonnenkamp promised all should be as he desired.

The Professorin soon fell in with some young people whom Roland's clothes just fitted, and he exclaimed with delight when, he heard it, —

"That is good; now my clothes will go about the streets until I am there again myself; I shall be represented sevenfold."

He desired his father to express his thanks to all the persons who had so kindly shown an interest in him, a duty which Sonnenkamp would readily have performed without this admonition. It afforded the best possible way, better than the most brilliant entertainment, of coming in contact with the aristocracy.

With his handsomest carriage and horses, Sonnenkamp drove through the whole city. His wife had refused all his entreaties that she would accompany him; but he succeeded in inducing the Professorin to be his companion. She, also, refused at first, but yielded to Roland's persuasions. It was the first request, as he said, that he had asked of her since his return to life, and she should and must gratify him by going with his father.

In proportion to the pain it cost the noble lady to make her reappearance before the world in such companionship, was the ease with which all doors flew open, as if by magic, wherever Lootz showed the cards of the Professorin and Sonnenkamp.

The lady herself was often unconscious that this was the effect of her presence; she only knew that she was tightening between herself and Sonnenkamp the bonds from which she would gladly be free, and, whenever she returned to the carriage, she begged him not to say so much about her motherly care of Roland. Sonnenkamp, who was looked upon as of quite secondary importance by the persons visited, skilfully contrived to make himself the central point of the conversation by praising the Professorin's nobleness of spirit, and enlarging upon his own great happiness in being allowed connection with such a family.

On this excursion Sonnenkamp tasted the best pleasure of which he was capable; for his highest pleasure was in hypocrisy, and in the luxury of its exercise, he forgot his deep-rooted indignation at the pride of the resident families, who were now obliged to receive him as an equal. Where he hitherto had been permitted only a few hasty and unmeaning words, he was now allowed comfortably to display his manifold experiences, around all of which a softening halo was cast by the genuine sentiment that served as their setting, the sentiment of

fatherly affection. His manner, also, of confessing that he had not always thought as favorably as he should of human nature, but had been taught by the Dournays to honor true nobility of mind, won for him the reluctant interest of all. He laughed to himself, as he went down the steps, at the thought of persons saying, as he knew they would, "We really never knew the man before; he has a vast deal of character and great sensibility."

He treated with especial consideration the members of the committee upon orders, knowing himself, and having had particularly enjoined upon him by Pranken, the importance of gaining them over to his plan.

Thus had Roland's illness given a fresh impulse to the nobility project; and the Professorin had, against her will, co-operated to the same end.

Sonnenkamp could not do enough to testify his respect for the lady who, after all, had gained him his greatest triumph. In spite of her refusal to come to his fete, and help in furthering his plan, she had now become his tool. He never grew tired of rejoicing in the conviction that all mankind could be used like puppets; some were to be bought by the ringing of gold, and some by the ringing of their own praises.

CHAPTER X.

DECORATION WITH THREE EXCLAMATION MARKS.

AN audience had been requested of the Princess, that the Sonnenkamp family might present their thanks. The answer returned was that the Frau Professorin would be welcome, thus refusing to admit Sonnenkamp.

He next desired that Roland should write a letter of thanks to the Princess for the Professorin to hand to her, but several rough drafts, which his son wrote out, he so roughly discarded, that the poor boy was thrown into a state of feverish excitement which threatened to bring on a relapse. He was quieted by the interposition of the Professorin, who promised to deliver by word of mouth all that he had to say; but this scene put a violent end to the childlike affectionateness which had sprung up in him since his illness.

While the Professorin was at the palace, Sonnenkamp promenaded the palace garden, where he could keep in sight the carriage and servants, determined to hear at once what should be said of him there. This was the most painful experience that the

Professorin had yet had to undergo. She was obliged to acquiesce in the Princess' praises of Sonnenkamp's generous nature, his extensive charities, and his noble magnanimity, of which the Cabinetsrätin, lady of honor to the queen, had given a full report, and nothing was left the Professorin but to listen, without the power to speak a word of contradiction. It was a fresh proof to her of the false position in which she was placed, and the dishonest game to which she had been made to lend a hand; first in the convent, and now at court. Yet she dared not raise her voice against this noble reputation of Sonnenkamp's, for in what light would she herself appear if she should confess what she knew?

When she was re-entering the carriage, after her audience from the Princess, a voice which cried "Stop!" made her tremble from head to foot. Sonnenkamp seated himself beside her, and required her to tell him instantly what the Princess had said. His delight at her report made him so far forget himself as to exclaim aloud, —

"Roland's illness has been a blessing to us all, — by giving us the right to call the Frau Professorin our friend," he quickly added, by way of correction. Even that she had to accept in silence, and was further distressed by being obliged to repeat the Princess' words for the benefit of Franken, who, with Clodwig, now joined them.

She felt herself hemmed in on every side, and excusing herself early, she withdrew, in the hope of finding again in solitude her true self.

Clodwig had come, as member of the Committee upon Orders, to announce confidentially to Sonnenkamp that an order had been decreed him. Franken embraced him when they were again alone together, exclaiming, —

"That is the first step, the first sure step."

Sonnenkamp was greatly delighted, and begged Franken to wait while he hurried to carry the good news to Frau Ceres.

"So that is for you," she said, complainingly; "what is there for me?"

He assured her that the title of nobility would certainly follow speedily.

"Oh, but it takes so long," she complained.

He confessed to some disappointment and vexation on his own part at the slowness and formality with which everything in the Old World was conducted, but recommended patience.

"It is a good thing, to be sure," replied

Frau Ceres, "that you should have an order; every one in society will see now at once that you are not a servant."

Sonnenkamp smilingly shook his head, but avoided any long discussions with Frau Ceres.

A few days afterwards, carriage after carriage drew up before the door of the hotel, bringing congratulations. Sonnenkamp affected great modesty, but Roland did not disguise his pleasure and pride, and insisted that his father should never go out without his new decoration.

The following sentence, however, in Professor Crutius's paper added bitterness to their cup of joy: —

"(Market price of Honors). Herr Sonnenkamp, of Villa Eden, transplanted from Havana, has received, from the highest quarter, the cross of honor for his services, it is said, in the ennobling of horticulture, which includes the ennobling of the horticulturist. Nothing now is wanting in the garden of Eden but that genealogical tree, which flourishes so excellently in our favored land."

There were malicious persons enough ready to express to Sonnenkamp their indignation at this would-be witty sharpness, while they watched him with curiosity to see what face he would put upon the matter. He appeared quite indifferent, but inwardly resolved to buy over that most virtuous of moralists, called Public Opinion.

He went to the publishing office, was shown into the editor's room, and was received with the utmost politeness by Professor Crutius. He opened the conversation by saying that he knew very well how to take a joke, and that his life in America had familiarized him with publicity; which remarks Crutius saw no occasion for answering. With great condescension, Sonnenkamp proceeded to express his pleasure at finding the Professor in such an influential position; Crutius bowed his acknowledgments. A little gas jet was burning in the editor's room, at which Sonnenkamp asked permission to light his cigar, offering one at the same time to Crutius, who accepted with thanks.

"I remember," began Sonnenkamp, "a bold and striking remark which you made on the occasion of my having the honor of receiving a visit from you; you had the courage to say that America was approaching a monarchical form of government."

"I remember saying so," replied Crutius, "half in jest and half in earnest, and I threw out the remark not merely as starting a good subject of conversation, but because

I was of opinion that the reluctance of the best men in America to take part in politics was a sign of approaching monarchy."

"And you are no longer of that opinion?" asked Sonnenkamp, as Crutius paused.

He knew that he was reported to be in league with the party who were aiming to form an empire in Mexico, and thence to extend the monarchical form of government over the New World. It was a harmless, in some respects, an honorable reputation to have, that of being an agent for establishing a monarchy in the Southern States of the Union. Crutius sat for some time in silence, eyeing the figure before him with a keen and smiling glance. At last he said:—

"I am no longer of that opinion. The indifference of the better classes in America has ceased, as is evident from the papers as well as from the public meetings. I have also seen some letters written to Herr Weidmann by his nephew Dr. Fritz, which plainly prove that a change for the better has taken place. All feel again their rights as citizens, and political and party strife is everywhere uppermost."

"Ah, Herr Weidmann," said Sonnenkamp; "I am told that that worthy gentleman has a share in your paper."

"I know no man; I know nothing but party."

"The true American principle. That is good!" exclaimed Sonnenkamp, and went on to express, in a friendly tone, the regret that all must feel at seeing the press here so far behind the high standard attained in other countries. For that reason he should be very willing, he said, if a man of the Professor's experience would establish a new journal, to come forward to its support with a considerable sum of money, as well as to communicate important items of intelligence from his private correspondence.

"The matter is worth considering," replied Crutius. He went to his strong box and opened it, evidently with the intention of returning to Sonnenkamp the money he had formerly received from him, but saying, almost in so many words, to himself:—No, not yet; you shall have a public receipt for it by and by,—he closed the box, and, resuming his seat opposite Sonnenkamp, began:—

"I have an apology to make to you; at the time I had the honor of visiting you at your villa, I took you to be the notorious Banfield."

He carefully watched the expression of his visitor's face as he spoke.

"Thank you for telling me so," replied Sonnenkamp, very tranquilly. "The only way to clear up such a misunderstanding is

to tell it to a man's face. Unfortunately, I have been often confounded with that man, and once actually went to Virginia in order to become personally acquainted with this double of mine; but he died just as I arrived there."

"Indeed! I had not heard of his death, and am somewhat surprised that Herr Weidmann's nephew, who was at open war with Banfield, should not have informed me of it. But it is astonishing what a strong resemblance there is between yourself and him. Of course I shall not mention the circumstance in my obituary of Banfield."

"As far as I myself am concerned," said Sonnenkamp, smiling, "it would make no difference; but you know the delight which the European aristocracy takes in any American scandal, and such a connection of names might to my wife and children be—well, might be very disagreeable."

Crutius protested that all personalities were wholly indifferent to him; he dealt only with principles, a sentiment which Sonnenkamp entirely approved and considered one of the advantages of European culture.

Crutius accompanied Herr Sonnenkamp with great politeness, through the outer offices as far as the head of the staircase; but the air of the room seemed to oppress him when he returned to it, and he threw open the windows.

"It is he, nevertheless," he said to himself. "Take care, Knight of the Cross of Honor, I have hold of you by another ribbon, and am only granting you a little longer time to flutter about me."

He hunted up the paper that contained the notice, made a broad red mark and three exclamation marks on the margin, and laid the sheet by in a special compartment labelled, "For future use."

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW LIFE IN EVERYTHING.

THE Prince must have forgotten that he had meant to send for Sonnenkamp, who now found himself deprived of all opportunity of expressing his thanks in person to him or to his brother, by their departure, in company with many nobles of the court, and Franken among them, for a royal hunting-seat where the great Spring hunts were to be held. Franken had left the capital in great ill-humor at Herr Sonnenkamp's having been guilty of the impropriety of entering into any relations with the editor of a newspaper.

All was quiet in the *Hôtel Victoria*. Eric's mother and aunt had already returned to the green cottage, and Roland

begged and entreated every day that the whole family might break up their establishment in the Capital. At last his wish was granted, and Sonnenkamp favored his house, his servants, the park and the hot-houses, with a sight of the glory of his button-hole. This decoration he brought back, and could always preserve as a happy memento of that winter of pleasure and of pain. Roland never grew weary of greeting the familiar objects with fresh delight. A feeling and love of home seemed to be roused in him, for the first time, in its full intensity.

"I see now," he said to Eric, "that this living in hotels and anywhere else than in one's own house is like living on a railway. I can go to sleep, but I hear all the time the rattle of wheels in my dreams. That is the way when we are abroad, but now we are at home again, and I have a grandmother near by to visit, and an aunt, and the Major is a kind of uncle, and Claus is like a faithful old tower. The dogs too are glad to have me at home again. Nora looked at me a little strange at first, but soon recognized me, and her pups are splendid. Now we will be busy and merry again. It would be nice to plant a tree to remember this day by, and have you plant one near it, don't you think so? Don't you feel as I do, that you have just come into the world, and that all that has happened before was only a dream? If I could only erect something that should always be saying to me: Remember how happy you once were, and how happy you are, and let nothing further trouble you in the world. Oh, how beautiful it is here! The Rhine is broader than I remembered it, and the mountains look down so upon me! I think I saw them in my fever, but not so beautiful as they are now. It seems as if I could compel the vineyards to grow green at once."

As he was walking with Eric along the river bank, he suddenly stood still and said, —

"Hark, how the waves plash against the shore! Just so have they rippled and plashed day and night when I was not here. Would it not be beautiful to plunge into the waves and swim? Does not the rippling tempt you too? It seems to me we did it centuries ago."

The boy had awaked to new life, and thoughts and feelings came bubbling ceaselessly from his heart, as from an ever running fountain. He delighted in having the people he met tell him how tall he had grown, and how like a man he was looking.

Eric listened patiently to all his outpourings; the boy was tasting the double

pleasure of returning health and the opening spring.

"The hen cackles for herself and the cock," he exclaimed, the first time he heard a hen; "and I am sure it is as beautiful a sound to them, as the song of the nightingale is to us. Don't you think our barnyard hen makes a great deal more noise over the laying of an egg than her wild sisters? No female of all the wild birds of the forest sings; the hen is the only one. Do look at the grass; how beautifully green it is, and the hedgerows there! The green leaves and buds would like to pop out all of a sudden and cry, Here we are!"

So he chattered on, like a grateful child.

Only a little at a time could the studies be resumed. Eric observed a certain depression in his mother, which might be the result of her anxiety for Roland, whose illness naturally recalled to her that of her own son, or of her constant care for the poor in the neighborhood, whose calls for help were increasing as their winter stores were getting exhausted. Roland was desirous of sharing these cares with her, and of being allowed to take some of the gifts himself; but the mother would not permit it. He was not ready for that yet, she said; he must first come to be a strong man himself, able to carry out his own great life-work.

Roland complained that he did not see the need of so many having to suffer want, when there was enough in the world to satisfy everybody. Eric and his mother had to reason with him, or he would have cursed wealth as a misfortune and an injustice. But the elasticity of youth came to their aid, and the boy soon forgot how much misery there was in the world, and contented himself with the objects immediately about him.

Sonnenkamp was very happy, too, for Eric and Roland took an active interest in the cultivation of the trees, and he could be their teacher.

"You will experience, as I have," he often said, "that the greatest pleasure in the world, is to watch the growth of a tree of your own planting."

The buds were swelling in the garden, while across the river, and over the fields, floated an aromatic breath of spring, a fragrance as if the air had blown over vast, invisible beds of violets. Within the house was a cheerfulness that had never been known there before. Even Frau Ceres could not escape its influence, for Roland shed about him a constant atmosphere of joy, that infected all who came in contact with him. He had, moreover, now, as he

confided to the Professorin, a project in his head, of which he would not betray, even to her, the exact nature. On the anniversary of his birthday, which was also that of Eric's arrival, he meant to prepare for everybody such a joyful surprise as they never would guess.

The grass and the blossoms had come forth in the garden, the birds were singing, and the boats sailing merrily up and down the river, when, on the day preceding Roland's birthday, a note was found in his room, saying that the family must not be uneasy about him, for he would return the next day, bringing something most beautiful with him.

Upon inquiry, it appeared that Roland had set off with Lootz for the convent.

CHAPTER XII.

ORESTES AND IPHIGENIA.

Two steamers, one bound for the valley, the other for the mountains, were standing in the stream at a little distance from the island. In the one bound for the valley was Roland. In answer to his impatient question why they did not land, the captain silently pointed to the island, where a procession of priests and nuns were following a bier covered with flowers, and borne by girls dressed in white. The voices of children, as they sang, rose on the clear Spring air. Roland's heart trembled; what if his sister —?

"It must be a little child," said an elderly man standing near him; "the bier is so small; those young girls could not carry it otherwise."

Roland breathed more freely; he knew his sister must be among the mourners.

He had landed, and was standing on the bank beside the boatman, who was to row him over to the island. The man shook his head and said softly:—

"Not yet, not yet; but perhaps you are a relation of the child?"

"What child?"

"A little child has died in the convent; oh, such a beautiful child! it made one happy only to look at her. The Lord God will have to make but little change to turn her into an angel."

"How old was she?"

"Seven, or eight at the most. Hark, there they come!"

The bells rang out into the Spring air, the smoke of the incense ascended, as the procession moved along the shore.

The boatman took off his hat, and prayed with folded hands. Roland, too, stood with uncovered head, and with a sudden shock

he thought: Thus might I have been borne to the grave. Such a weakness came over him that he was obliged to sit down; he kept his eyes fixed upon the island; the procession went on, then disappeared, and all was still.

Now they were sinking the young body in the ground; the birds sang, no breath of air stirred, a steamboat came towards the mountain; all was like the figures in a dream.

The procession came in sight again, singing, and vanished through the open doors of the convent.

"So," said the boatman, putting on his hat, "now I will row you across."

But Roland, unwilling to surprise his sister before she had had time to rest and compose herself, asked to be allowed to remain a while longer on the shore. It was well he did, for no one in the convent so felt a part of her very self taken from her, as Manna. Dear little Heimchen had held out for a whole year, seeming to grow more cheerful, and making good progress in her studies, but in the Spring she faded, like a tenderly nurtured flower too early exposed to the cold.

Devotedly, day and night, Manna nursed the child, who with her was always happy. A foretaste of heaven seemed granted little Heimchen; she looked forward to it as to a Christmas holiday, and often said to Manna that she should tell God, and all the angels in heaven, about her. The next moment she would beg Manna to tell her about Roland.

"I saw him running with his bow and arrows, and oh, he was so beautiful!"

Then Manna told about Roland, and could always make Heimchen laugh by describing how his little pups tumbled one another over and over. The physician, and the hospital nun, who was almost a doctor herself, urged Manna to take more rest, but she was strong, and never left her post. In Manna's arms the child died, and her last words were:—

"Good-morning, Manna, it is no longer night now."

Manna's experience had been manifold. She had seen a novice assume the dress of the order, and had seen a fellow pupil enter her novitiate; yet was it all only a strong, free, joyful self-sacrifice. Now she had witnessed the death of a child, a little human being, dropping softly and silently from the tree of life, as a blossom falls from the stem.

It was Manna who, at the lower end of the bier, had helped to bear the child to the grave, and thrown three handfuls of earth

upon the coffin. She did not shed a tear until the priest described how the child had been called from the earth, as a father might summon his child from a play-ground where it was in danger, and keep it safe in his home; then she wept bitterly.

On leaving the cemetery, she went once more to Heimchen's empty bed, and there prayed God that she might enter into eternity as pure as that little child. Then she grew composed, feeling the time could not be far distant when, after a short return to the excitement of the world, the great Father of all would summon her away from this play-ground into his sheltering mansions. She seemed already to hear voices from the noisy world without, calling her once more to return to it. She must obey them, but made a firm resolve faithfully to return into this, her one, only home.

She descended to the island, and took her seat under the pine-tree where she had so often worked. There was the little bench on which Heimchen had sat close by her side, almost at her feet. Manna sat here long, trying to imagine the distractions which life could bring to her in this one year, but she did not succeed. Her thoughts would return to Heimchen, and she found herself trying to follow the young soul into the eternity of Heaven.

Suddenly she heard steps, and looking up saw before her a youth who was like Roland, only much taller, and more manly. She could not stir from her seat.

"Manna, Manna, come to me!" cried the boy.

She rose, and with a loud cry, brother and sister fell into one another's arms.

"Sit down by me," said Manna at last. They sat together upon the bench beneath the pine-tree, and Manna, pointing to the smaller bench, told of Heimchen, and of her often wanting to hear stories about Roland, and when she came to tell how the child had died of homesickness, she suddenly exclaimed:—

"Our whole life, Roland, is nothing but homesickness for our heavenly home; of that we die, and happy is he who dies of it."

Roland perceived that his sister was in a state of overwrought excitement, amounting almost to ecstasy, and speaking in a tone of quiet and manly decision, he told her that she must first come back to her earthly home. He told her of his having acted in a play, and having been photographed in his page's silk dress; of the order his father had received; and, finally, of a secret his father had confided to him, and which he could not tell.

"Our father told you a secret?" asked Manna, her face growing rigid.

"Yes, and a beautiful, noble one; you will rejoice with me when you hear it."

Manna's features relaxed.

Roland told her how he had fancied himself with her all through his delirium, and that she ought to feel only happy at his being still alive.

"Yes, you are still alive," cried Manna, "you shall live. All is yours."

He reminded her that to-morrow was his birthday, and that his own wish was that she would let him take her to their parents on that day.

"Yes, I will go with you," cried Manna, "and it is better we should go directly."

Hand in hand, the brother and sister went to the convent, where Manna told the Superior of her intention to go home with Roland. In a state of feverish excitement, she then hurried to bid good-bye to all her fellow pupils, and all the nuns, went into the church and prayed, and finally made Roland go with her to Heimchen's grave.

Roland observed a long, straight row of gravestones without inscriptions, and, on asking Manna about them, was told they marked the graves of the nuns.

"That is hard," said Roland, "to have to be nameless after death."

"It is but natural," returned Manna; "whoever takes the veil lays aside her family name and assumes a sowed one, which is hers until her death, and then another bears it."

"I understand," said Roland. "That is giving up a great deal. The name of the nun cannot be written on the gravestone, nor the family name either; yet there must be a great many of noble family buried here."

"Yes, indeed; almost all were noble."

"What should you say if we should be noble too?"

"Roland, what do you mean?" cried Manna, seizing him violently by the arm. "Can you speak of such a thing here and now? Come away; such thoughts are a desecration to the graves."

She led him out of the little burial-place, and as far as the gravel path, when, suddenly leaving him she turned once more to the cemetery and knelt down by the grave; then she rejoined her brother.

Lootz was standing with the luggage ready; Manna stepped into the boat with Roland, and the brother and sister were borne up the stream toward their home. All in the boat gazed with a pleased curiosity at

the pair, who, however, sat quietly hand in hand, looking out upon the broad landscape.

"Tell me," urged Roland, "why you said, when you were going to that convent, that you, too, were an Iphigenia?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Oh yes, you can; I know all about her. I have read the Iphigenia of Euripides, and of Goethe, too, by myself and with Eric, and you are like neither of them."

"It was only — ah, let us forget all about it."

"Do you know," cried Roland, "that Iphigenia became the wife of the great hero Achilles and lived with him, on the island of Leuce, in eternal blessedness?"

Manna confessed her ignorance, and Roland described the copy of the Pompeian fresco that Eric's mother had showed him, where Calchas, the priest, is holding the knife, Diomedes and Odysseus are bearing Iphigenia to the altar, and, her father, Agamemnon, hides his face, while, at the command of Artemis, one of the nymphs leads in the stag that is to be sacrificed in Iphigenia's place.

"How many things you have learned," smiled Manna.

"And Eric told me," continued Roland, "that the sacrifice of Iphigenia was just like that of Isaac, and all the other sacrifices we read about."

Manna's face darkened; that was the foundation of a fatal heresy.

"Stop, now I have it," cried Roland. "Ah, that is good! There are still oracles in the world. Orestes had to fetch his sister from the temple of Tauris, where she was priestess. That is it! You divined it! That will delight Eric; ah! how it will delight him! But stay! When Iphigenia and her brother were on board ship I am sure he must have played off all sorts of silly tricks to amuse her, and I am sure she laughed. Have you quite forgotten how to laugh? You used to laugh so merrily, just like a wood-pigeon. Do laugh just once."

He laughed with his whole heart, but Manna remained unmoved, and, during the way, sat buried in her own thoughts. Only once, when the boat came to a sudden stop in the middle of the stream, she asked: —

"What is that?"

"That is the very question I asked Eric when we were going up the river together, and he showed me up there a heavily-laden freight vessel, which would be overturned and sunk by the commotion of the water, if our steamer did not moderate its speed. Oh, there is nothing he does not know, and then he said: Remember, Roland, that we

should do the same thing in life; we must not rush on our own way, but must think of the heavily-laden voyagers on the stream of life with us, and take care that the waves we raise do not overwhelm them."

Manna stared at her brother. She could trace the influence of a man who used the actual as a symbol of the ideal, and she became herself, in a measure, conscious of that power which in every outward aspect of life seeks and finds the underlying thought. She shook her head, and opening her breviary, began diligently to read it.

"See the sunlight on the glass cupola," cried Roland, as it grew late in the afternoon. "That is home. Perhaps they have guessed at home that you are coming back with me."

"Home, home," breathed Manna softly to herself; the word sounded strange to her on her own lips, as it had done from Roland's. She closed her eyes, as if dazzled by the reflection on the glass cupola.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTHING BUT EYES.

Two carriages were waiting at the landing. Manna received the embraces and kisses of her father without returning them, and watched, in apparent terror, the receding steamer, which, after quickly landing its passengers, went swiftly on its way.

"Your mother is in the carriage," said Sonnenkamp, offering Manna his arm. She laid her hand timidly upon it, allowed herself to be led to the glass carriage, in which sat Frau Ceres and Fräulein Perini, and, taking her seat beside her mother, embraced her passionately.

Sonnenkamp and Roland entered the other carriage, and all drove toward the villa. The father muttered something to himself about not having heard the sound of his daughter's voice.

"Where is Eric?" asked Roland.

"In the green cottage with his mother. It was considerate on the part of a stranger to retire to his own relations at such a time, and leave the family alone."

Roland was struck by the words. Were Eric and his family strangers?

On arriving at the villa, Fräulein Perini also withdrew hastily, and went to the Priest's house, whence a messenger was soon despatched to the telegraph station.

The parents were alone with their children, but there seemed a chill in the room which banished all feeling of quiet and comfort.

Sonnenkamp and Roland took Manna to her room, where she was pleased to find

everything in its old place, and, at sight of the open fire-place filled with beautiful growing plants, turned to her father and thanked him, offering him her hand for the first time, and kissing his; but she could not repress a shudder at touching the ring on his thumb.

When Roland was left alone with his sister, he urged her to visit his grandmother and aunt that very day; but Manna reproved him for giving such names to persons not really related to him.

"Ah, but you must love them too," said Roland.

"Must? One can love nobody upon compulsion. Let me tell you, Roland—but no; there is no need."

She yielded at last to his persuasions, and went with him through the new gateway in the garden wall, along the meadows by the shore.

"There goes Eric; I will call him. Eric! Eric!" cried Roland in a loud voice.

The figure did not turn, however, but kept on, and presently disappeared among the shrubbery.

Roland and Manna found the Professorin waiting for them upon the steps, and Manna received a hearty welcome.

"He gave me no peace till I consented to come to you," said Manna.

"So he makes you mind like the rest of us, does he?" said the lady with mock severity. "Let me tell you, my dear child, that I know this wild boy has said a great deal to you about me, and would like to force you to love me; but even the best intentioned urgency in such matters should be avoided. Glad as I shall be if we can be good friends, we yet will not be forced upon each other."

Manna looked in amazement on the Mother, who asked a great many questions about the convent, and advised her to remain much alone, as the sudden change from a life of seclusion to one of excitement might injure her habits of thought, as well as her health.

Manna felt herself cheered by intercourse with this quiet, composed, harmonious nature; only the room looked strange to her with no images of saints about. Her attention was attracted by the sewing-machine, and the Mother had readily consented to instruct her in the use of it when Aunt Claudine entered, whose dignified bearing interested Manna even more than the Mother had done.

"You and Aunt Claudine," exclaimed Roland, "have two things in common. She is a star gazer like you, and plays the harp as you do."

Aunt Claudine did not require much urging, but willingly played Manna a piece on the harp.

"I shall be very grateful if you will accept me as a pupil," said Manna offering her hand; and the beautiful nervous hand which grasped hers gave her more pleasure by its touch, than she had found in the soft little plump one of the Professorin.

When it grew evening, the Mother and Aunt set out with Roland and Manna towards the villa, Manna walking with the Aunt, and Roland with the Professorin. On the way Eric met them.

"At last!" cried Roland. "Now, Manna, here he is; here you have him."

Manna and Eric exchanged formal bows.

"Why don't you speak? Have you both lost your tongue? Eric, this is my sister Manna; Manna, this is my friend, my brother, my Eric."

"Don't be excited, Roland," said Eric, and there was a ringing tone in his voice that made Manna involuntarily raise her eyes to him. "Yes, Fräulein, this is the second time I have met you in the twilight."

Manna almost began to say that she had seen him once in broad daylight, when she had not spoken to him, but had heard inspiring notes from him; but she checked herself and pressed her lips together. Roland broke the pause that ensued, by saying urgently:—

"Come into the house; then you will see one another by lamplight. It is just a year ago, this hour, since I ran away; can it be only a year? Ah, Manna, you cannot imagine how many hundred years I have lived through in this one. I am as old as the hills, as old as that laughing sprite the groom told me about."

He repeated the story to his two willing listeners. When he had ended, Eric announced his intention of staying till the next day with his mother, for every one who was not a blood relation was a stranger at such a time as this. Roland would hear nothing of his being a stranger, but Manna's eyes as they gleamed in the darkness seemed to grow larger.

At the new gateway the party divided, Roland and his sister going to the villa, and Eric returning to the green cottage with his mother and aunt. For the second time he had seen Manna, and for the second time she had seemed nothing but eyes.

How strange that this man should look like the picture of Saint Anthony, thought Manna, when she was alone in her room; there seemed to me no point of resemblance between them; some passing look of his,

an expression of his eyes, must have reminded Roland of the picture; she too had seen nothing of Eric but his tall figure and his eyes.

She knelt long in prayer, and as she took off her clothes afterwards, she drew more tightly round her waist a girdle — only a little cord it was, which one of the nuns had given her — so tightly that it cut into her flesh.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MORNING GIFT.

BEFORE daylight Roland was at Eric's bedside, and waked him, saying: —

"I will go with you to-day."

Eric could not think what the boy meant, till he reminded him of his having said that he ought, at least once every year, to go up on some hill and see the sun rise. Eric remembered saying so, and, hastily putting on his clothes, they walked together up a neighboring eminence. A year ago that morning, Roland said he had for the first time seen the sun rise; then he was alone, now with a friend.

"Let us keep silent," advised Eric. They looked towards the east, and saw the light gradually appear. A new light dawned in Roland's mind; he saw that all the splendor and glory of the world is nothing, compared with the light which belongs alike to all. The richest can make for himself nothing higher than the sunlight, which shines for the poorest in his hovel; the fairest and the highest belongs to all mankind.

Roland fell into a sort of ecstasy, and Eric with difficulty refrained from pressing him to his heart. He was happy, for the sun had risen in Roland, the sun of thought which can never set; clouds may obscure it, but it stands and shines for ever.

The two descended to the river, and bathed joyfully in it under the early light, and to each the water was as a new baptism. The bells were ringing as they returned to the villa, and in the distance they saw Manna going to church.

Herr Sonnenkamp also had risen early, and paid a morning visit to the Professorin.

"I have followed your good advice," he said, "and made Roland no present to-day. Your account of the way in which royal children keep their birthday was charming; they are not to receive, but to give. I have followed your suggestions in every particular, and given Roland nothing but the means and opportunity of bestowing upon others; I owe you double thanks for allowing me to take the entire credit of the idea. Any approach to untruthfulness is distasteful to

me, but for my son's sake, I venture to practice a little deception to-day."

The lady pressed her lips together. Here was this man, whose whole life was a lie, trying to pass himself off for a man of truth! But she had already taught herself not to be always inquiring too closely into the motives of good deeds. She asked about the presents that Roland was to distribute, and finally yielded to Sonnenkamp's desire that she should accompany him to the villa.

As they approached the door, a carriage drove up from which jumped Pranken. He had come, he said, because it was Roland's birthday, and expressed great pleasure at hearing that Manna also had arrived; Fräulein Perini's telegram he thought it needless to mention. As he stood upon the terrace overlooking the Rhine, he saw Manna walking up and down the terrace with a little book in her hand, and could perceive the motion of her lips as she repeated the words from it.

Fräulein Perini soon appeared, and exchanged a few whispered words with Pranken. Great was her pride at having frustrated the cunningly woven plans of this Professor's family, which so plumed itself on its lofty sense of honor. There was no doubt in her mind that the idea of bringing Manna from the convent had originated with Eric, and she saw further evidence of his plotting, in the girl's having been taken to the green cottage on the very evening of her arrival, and returning delighted with the whole family, especially with Aunt Claudine. With a knowing look at Pranken, Fräulein Perini slyly remarked that the Aunt was kept as a reserve to be brought to bear upon Manna, but she hoped that Pranken and herself would be able to hold the field.

At last Manna herself came upon the terrace, and again offered her left hand to Pranken, as in the right she held her prayer-book. She thanked him cordially for his congratulations that this beautiful spring morning found no blossom wanting on the family tree, and, as he undertook to read what was in her mind, and interpret her feelings at finding herself once more under her father's roof, she said quietly: —

"It is a tent which is spread and folded again."

With great tact Pranken seized upon the expression; he was sufficiently familiar with the ecclesiastical manner of speaking, to be able to construct the whole contingent of meditation and reflection, from which this single remark had been thrown like a solitary soldier on a reconnaissance. He talked with no little eloquence of our pilgrimage

through the desert of life, until we reached the promised land, adding that the old man in us must die, for only the new man was worthy to possess the land of promise.

There was a certain conversational fluency in Pranken's manner of speaking which at first repelled Manna, but she seemed pleased, upon the whole, to find this carefully trained, versatile man at home in this sphere of thought. The fact of his belonging to the church, and therefore living among the same ideas with herself, seemed to form a bond of attraction between them. When at length he drew out of his pocket the Thomas à Kempis she had given him, and told her that to that he owed whatever of good was in him, she cast down her eyes, and, laying her hand upon the book, said hurriedly, as she heard the voices of the Professorin and the Major approaching: "Pray put the book back, away."

Pranken obeyed, and while his eyes were fixed upon Manna, kept his hand pressed on the book, which lay against his heart. This common secret established a degree of intimacy at once between himself and the pure, reserved girl.

The Major examined Manna as he would have done a recruit, making her turn round and round, and walk this way and that, that he might judge of her way of moving, all which evolutions Manna went through with great good humor.

"Yes, yes," he said at length, extending the forefinger of his left hand, as he always did when about to bring forth a piece of wisdom; "yes, yes; when it works well, it is all right. Yes, yes; Herr Sonnenkamp, when it works well, it is right, this sending a young man into the army and a young woman into a convent, for a while. When it works well, it is all right."

All nodded assent, and the Major was enchanted at having begun the day by saying a good thing. But he soon changed his tone to one of complaint at Roland's absence; he did not deserve his happiness, keeping out of the way on such an anniversary as this, such a beautiful spring day, too, that if they had ordered it expressly it could not have been finer. He was just about to relate the fearful adventure in the special train, which took place just a year ago that very day, when Roland and Eric at last appeared.

Manna embraced her brother affectionately, as did Pranken also, but Roland quickly disengaged himself from the latter's grasp, and said to Manna:—

"Shake hands with Herr Eric too, for this is his birthday amongst us. A year

ago to-day he became mine, or I his; did you not, Eric? Give him your hand."

Manna offered Eric her hand, and for the first time the two looked one another full in the face, in the broad daylight.

"Thank you for the kindness you have shown my brother," said Manna.

Eric was much struck by Manna's appearance; she seemed to him a wonderful mixture of gentle melancholy and lofty pride; her features expressed a cold indifference; her motions were full of grace; there was a bewitching softness in her voice, but mingled with a tone of sadness.

Without knowing or wishing it, Manna became the central point of attraction; even on this fete-day of Roland's, all seemed to turn to her.

Presently the party adjourned to the great hall, where were Eric's mother and aunt, Fräulein Perini and Frau Ceres. Frau Ceres had such fear of the morning air that all the windows were tight shut. She was yawning when Roland entered, but embraced and kissed him. The Professorin also embraced him, saying:—

"I wish you happiness; that is, I wish for you a constantly growing appreciation of the happiness that has been granted you, and a knowledge how to use it."

Sonnenkamp shrugged his shoulders at these words, and said to Pranken, by whom he was standing:—

"How this woman is always trying to say something out of the common course! She has actually forgotten at last how to say a simple good-morning."

"Let us be thankful," rejoined Pranken, "that she has not yet remarked, — As my departed husband, Professor Mummy, used to say."

The two men spoke without any change of expression, so that no one heard or observed them.

Upon a great table lay a number of packages, each inscribed with a name. The Professorin, with Fräulein Milch, had made a list of the boys in the neighborhood of Roland's own age, who were to have presents given them on his birthday. They were mostly apprentices about to set out on their travels, laborers on the Rhine boats, or in the vineyards: some poor and needy persons had also been thought of, and for every one a suitable gift was provided. In the middle of the table lay a large envelope which Sonnenkamp had hastily placed there on his entrance, and on which was written: "For my friend and teacher, Captain Doctor Eric Dournay."

Roland's quick eye soon discovered the

envelope, and he handed it to Eric, who, on opening it, found a package of banknotes to a considerable amount. His hand trembled; for a moment he looked about him, then replaced the bills in the envelope, and advancing to Sonnenkamp, who was standing by Manna and Pranken, and had just spoken some words in a low tone to the latter, held the envelope towards him, and, in a voice so agitated that he could scarcely enunciate a word, begged him to take back his gift.

"No, no; do not thank me; it is I who should thank you."

Eric's eyes were cast to the ground, but he raised them and said,—

"Excuse me, I have never in my life accepted any present, and am unwilling—"

"A man of independence like you," interrupted Pranken, "should waste no words on the matter. Take the gift as cordially as it was given."

He spoke as one of the family, almost as if he had presented the money himself. Eric stood abashed, not knowing how to refuse the gift without seeming ungrateful and over delicate. As his eyes fell upon Manna, a pang shot through his heart at the thought of having to appear before her, on this first morning, as a needy receiver of money. He looked at her as if imploring her to speak to him, but she kept silent; seeing no other course open for him, he drew back the hand which held the package, and soon after disappeared from the room.

Without, in the park, he walked thoughtfully to and fro for a while, then, sitting down on the bench where Bella had sat, opened the envelope and counted the money; it amounted to a sum large enough to support a moderate family. As he sat there dreaming and unconscious, holding the envelope between his two hands, and deaf to the song of the birds in the trees and shrubs about him, his name was suddenly called, and the servant Joseph handed him a letter from Professor Einsiedel, congratulating him upon the anniversary, and admonishing him to earn money enough to enable him to lead an independent life, wholly devoted to pure science. The Professor repeated his wish, that there might be some place of retreat established for the reception of men of science in their old age.

Greatly comforted, Eric returned to the company in the drawing-room, who had scarcely missed him.

"That is the way with these idealists, these reformers, these priests of humanity," said Pranken to Sonnenkamp. "See how the Doctor looks as if he had got wings!

Yes, that is the way with taem. They despise money, till they have it themselves."

Pranken had observed aright. Eric did in truth feel himself endowed with a new power, but also the thought arose in him: Now you too are rich, and can care for others besides yourself. Observing, presently, that he was keeping his hand upon the breast-pocket which contained the money, he drew it away as if it had been upon coals.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEAST WITH UNEXPECTED DISHES.

THE Major and Roland set out upon the performance of a most pleasant office. They had the pony harnessed to the little wagon, in which all the packages were put, and drove through the hamlets, stopping at the various houses, and personally distributing the gifts. First of all they drove to Claus's, in whom the last winter had worked a great change. After the first expressions of sympathy had been received from his neighbors, and he had once washed down all thought and care with a good drink, he took to mitigating his troubles by the all-obliterating wine, or by brandy, if he could get no better. His wife and children were in despair at this change in him, and once the family came to hard words, the Cooper having heard that his father had been begging of a stranger from the other side of the mountains, and complaining of having been ruined by a rich man.

The Gauger and the Burgomaster were amused with Claus's complaints and fierce invectives, his jokes and wise sayings, and supplied him with liquor.

When Roland and the Major arrived at this man's house, it was evident, even at that early hour of the morning, that he had been drinking. Roland was much shocked, but the Major said,—

"Oh, you should not think anything of that. The man drinks too much, but only too much for his own stomach. Where is the harm? If a man is made happy by a glass of wine too much, do let him enjoy it."

The Major's words and Roland's inward happiness soon effaced all recollection of this first meeting. From Claus's they went to Sevenpiper's, where was rejoicing beyond measure.

Roland said, again and again, that this day was the happiest he had ever passed; and the Major impressed upon him that he must not throw his good deeds into the empty air, but accept the good wishes and blessings of those he had relieved from suffering and care.

"Fräulein Milch," he added, "has a good saying, which should be inscribed in the temple: The happiest hour is that which follows the performance of a good deed. Write that in your heart, my boy."

The dogs jumped about the wagon, and Roland cried out to them, —

"Do you too know that this is my happiest day? You poor beasts, I can give you nothing but food; you want neither clothes nor money."

Out of one house Roland came flying, pale as death.

"What has happened to you?" asked the Major.

"Oh, let us get away from here, away!" urged the youth in terror. "I tremble all over, now, at what was done to me. If I had been attacked by robbers, I could not have been more frightened."

"But what was it? Tell me what it was!"

"The old man, whom I brought the clothes and money for, wanted to kiss my hand; that old man — my hand! I thought I should die, I was so frightened. And are you laughing at it?"

"I am not laughing; you were quite right."

The Major looked upon this sensitiveness as one of the results of the nervous fever, and said after a while, —

"Your father has planted a great many trees, and when one thrives he calls it a grateful tree. Do you know what the most grateful tree is? The tree of knowledge and good works."

While Roland's heart was thus swelling with the joy of health and well-doing, Eric was in great depression. He had given his mother Professor Einsiedel's letter, and, sitting beside her, told her how this had comforted him for a while, but that now he was again in a state of great uncertainty, because his relation to Sonnenkamp must henceforth be one of painful dependence; till now he had occupied a free and equal position with regard to him, but now he had received favors, received a gift of money, and had lost his independence.

His mother listened patiently to the end, and then asked, —

"Do you hesitate to accept this gift because it comes from Herr Sonnenkamp? Why not as readily or as reluctantly as from any one else, from Clodwig, for instance?"

She put the question eagerly, thinking she perceived that Eric, as well as herself, was aware of Sonnenkamp's past life; but she was soon assured that he had no suspicion of it, by his replying, —

"Friendship gives differently, and makes

it seem hardly a gift; from a friend like Clodwig, I could accept anything."

His mother told him he should consider that the money came from Roland, whose coming of age was only anticipated. But that idea troubled Eric too: it made him feel that he was sent away, paid off; the account was squared between them. His mother reminded him, for his consolation, that no outward pay could compensate for the labor, the burning cheek, the trembling nerves, the planning and thinking by day and by night, which the education of a human being requires. Finally, Eric confessed that it mortified him to have to accept presents before Pranken, and Manna too, the daughter of the house.

"Pranken and Manna are one," answered his mother, "she is his betrothed. But take comfort; look back over the past year, and you will see that you have developed in your pupil a character which nothing can undermine."

This thought finally enabled Eric to rise above all his depression, and when he left his mother's house he had spirit enough to exclaim: —

"Look at Eric, old Father Rhine; he is become an independent man, and can live upon his interest till he is seventy-seven years old!"

He met Roland and the Major returning from their round of visits. It was not for nothing that the Major carried always two watches about with him, one of which he called his *galloper* because it was always fast; the only difficulty was, he could never tell whether he had put the galloper in his right or left pocket; however, he was on hand again punctually at dinner-time.

Roland sat at the richly furnished table, but tasted scarcely a morsel.

"I am so full," he said to Eric, "so full of the great happiness I have given to-day. And you — are you not happy too?"

Eric could truly say he was.

There was some discussion as to who should propose the customary toast for Roland; whether it was for Eric or Pranken to do.

Both at length urged the duty upon the Major, who rose and said, —

"Gentlemen and ladies!"

"Bravo!" cried Pranken.

"Thank you," said the Major, "Interrupt me as often as you will; I have learned to take flying leaps, and every obstacle gives me a chance for a higher bound. Once more, ladies and gentlemen! the human race is divided into male and female."

General laughter, which delighted the Major.

"Here you behold a pair in the garden of Eden —"

"Perhaps you would like this to complete your picture?" said Pranken, handing the Major an apple.

Roland was indignant with Pranken for interfering so often, and begged the Major not to let himself be confused by it.

"Be easy, my boy," said the Major in a low voice; "I can stand fire."

Then he continued aloud:—

"So we have here two children, the daughter of the house and the son of the house; and the children have us. They have their parents; they have a grandmother and an aunt by election, and here,"—giving himself a ringing blow on his chest,— "here they have an uncle. We love them as if they were our own blood, and they love us, do they not, children?"

"Yes!" cried Roland, and Manna nodded.

"So then, if I had a son—no, I don't mean that—if I had a teacher for this son of mine—no, I did not mean that either—So, then, our wild rover there—see, he has already a growth upon his face—may the Architect of the universe bless him, and let him grow to be a man who shall understand what is true happiness for himself, for others, for his brethren of all faiths, for all the descendants of man upon the earth."

Amen, he was about to say, but corrected himself, and cried:—"His health, again and again, his health."

The Major sat down, and unbuttoned several buttons behind his napkin.

Sonnenkamp spoke next, and in happily chosen language proposed a toast to Eric, his mother, and his aunt.

"You must speak too; you must speak too," the Major kept urging upon Eric.

Eric rose, and with a light and cheerful tone began:—

"Two things may be particularly noticed, which the Old World has given to the New World of America—the horse and wine. The horse is not a native of America, neither is wine. Germans first planted vineyards in the New World. Two natural objects, therefore, which enlarge the scope of human strength and intellect, we have presented to the New World. I leave out of consideration the kingdom of ideas. My toast is this: May our Roland, who comes to us from the New World, be borne onward and animated by the rich powers beyond himself, to great and noble ends!" He raised his glass with enthusiasm, the sunlight sparkled in the wine, and pointing to it he continued:

"The sun of to-day greets the sun of a past age. What we drink is the offspring

of departed days, and what we receive into our soul has ripened in the sun of eternity. Each one of us should be a fruit that shall ripen and live on in the sun of eternity, as God lives in humanity, and in the stars, and in the trees and plants. Holy is the world, and holy should we make ourselves. We are not our own, and what we have is not our own. What we are and what we have belong to the Eternal. My Roland, the bright, smiling, sunny light of this day which is gilding the earth will be turned to the fire of the wine, which after resting and ripening in well sealed casks, in the cool earth, shall presently be carried to strangers through all the lands, to animate and penetrate them with its sunlight. So shall the sun of to-day become fire in our souls, which shall burn brightly through the cold and desolate days that may be in store. May that ripen in you, my Roland, which shall quicken your soul, and rejoice mankind, and convert all life into the free and beautiful temple of God."

Eric's eye encountered a glance from Manna's, as he sat down. She beheld him as it were for the first time. His face wore an expression of ideality, of spirituality, which seemed to subdue all passion, and a look of such manly decision as made her feel, if, in danger, I had this man by my side, I should have an all-sufficient help. But she needed no help.

Sonnenkamp and Pranken shrugged their shoulders at the conclusion of Eric's speech, and had to repress a laugh which was provoked by Sonnenkamp's whispering to his neighbor,—

"The man almost seems to believe what he says."

A diversion was here made by the arrival of the Doctor, and of the Justice's Lina, who was eager to greet her friend upon her "return to life," as she called it. All arose from the table in excellent spirits.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOUT ANOTHER AND FOR ANOTHER.

THE Doctor kept close watch upon the behavior of the girls, and listened to their conversation. Manna expressed her thanks for her friend's kind attention, but preserved all the while in her manner a certain reserve, an indescribable something, the result of that life in the convent which to Lina had been productive of nothing but an acquaintance with foreign languages.

The Doctor afterwards expressed to the Professorin, as they were walking back and forth together in the garden, great curiosity to know whether worldly wisdom would

succeed in triumphing over the influence of the Church, and also his regret that she herself was not a Catholic, as in that case her task would be much easier. But the lady remained firm in her decision to exert no influence whatever on Manna; she was not only not required by her duty to do so, but would actually have no right, Manna being betrothed to Pranken.

"Who knows?" replied the Doctor, "who knows? The Huguenots not only went into exile themselves; their example made others emigrate: and often our influence is greatest when it is quite unintentional."

Sonnenkamp wished Lina to spend some of these Spring weeks with his daughter, and Manna had no alternative but to second the invitation. Lina accepted, on condition of obtaining her parents' consent, and returned with the Doctor to be sent for the next day.

Pranken, who remained through the evening, was rejoiced at Manna's confiding to him that she had already painfully experienced the world's temptation to want of truthfulness; for that, to speak with perfect candor, she did not desire a visit from Lina, and yet she had been obliged to request it; that she thought was the great sin of the world, that it makes us false to ourselves.

Pranken hoped that Lina's visit would have an enlivening effect upon Manna; to begin with, however, he wanted to find out how she liked the Professorin. In approaching the subject he so carefully worded his remarks that if Manna should speak with enthusiasm he could fall in with it, and the same if she expressed dislike.

Manna repressed the confession that rose to her lips, that she felt herself already bewildered by the confusion that prevailed in the house, and longed for the well-ordered quiet of the convent, and merely complained of feeling so unlike herself in the world. But, when Pranken thanked her for this confidence, she recoiled and said, scarce above her breath, that the world made people talkative even when they wished to be reserved.

"I am glad to hear you speak of reserve," resumed Pranken, after a pause; "for our Archbishop enjoined it upon me lately in those very words. 'Be reserved,' he said; 'persons who speak much and readily are at bottom nothing but dilettanti.'"

He thought Manna would perceive at once that he was referring to Eric, but, as she gave no sign of applying the charge of

dilettantism to him, Pranken spoke more openly and said:—

"Do you not perceive something of the dilettante in the very talkative Herr Eric?"

Manna answered shortly:—

"The man talks much, but —"

Here she made a long pause, and Pranken was in great suspense, wondering how she would finish her sentence.

"He talks much," she said, "but he thinks much too."

Pranken cast about for some turn he could give the conversation, which, with a skilful aim, could not fail to hit the mark. He might have spared himself his great pains, for a man whose activities extended over so much ground as Eric's offered many points of attack.

Pranken began by declaring Eric to be a kind of Don Quixote, a man who was always adventuring after great ideas, as in the case of the exaggerated sentiment of his toast. Disguising the cutting nature of his remarks under cover of gentle words, he attempted to turn Eric into ridicule. He thought it presumption in him, in the first place, to lay claim to any inward consecration as a cloak for his profanities, and finally went so far as to accuse him of passing off counterfeit coin, in the hope of deceiving a childlike, confiding mind. He looked keenly at Manna as he spoke, but she kept silence.

"Be on your guard," he added, "he plays the model man everywhere."

The expression seemed to please Pranken so well, that he ventured to repeat it.

"This playing the model man is very cunning, but we can see through it. You have no idea how much trouble this pattern of pedagogues, this Herr Dournay, has given us. You must be on your guard; his every word is stamped with the conviction, that he unites in his own person all possible examples of virtue."

Encouraged by a smile on Manna's face, which she tried in vain to suppress, Pranken continued:—

"After all, his eloquence is only that of the hairdresser, who talks of all kinds of things while he is curling your hair, only without setting up for so much scientific and religious aplomb. Observe how often he uses the word humanity; I counted it fourteen times, once, in a single hour. He affects great modesty, but his conceit actually exceeds all bounds."

Pranken laughed, knowing how easy it is to throw ridicule upon a man in the full tide of enthusiastic action; and with pleasure he perceived that his words were not without influence on Manna. If you can once set a

man in a ridiculous light, there is no salvation for him. This, Pranken knew and hoped to accomplish in the present case; he, however, went on to say:—

"Our Roland has learned a great deal under this honorable gentleman, but he has had enough of him now; it is time he entered upon a wider sphere."

Manna preserved her thoughtful silence, and soon after walked away, occasionally, as she went towards the villa, nodding to herself as if assenting to what she had heard. Pranken looked after her in perplexity.

On the steps she met Eric, and both stopped. Eric felt obliged to say something, and therefore began,—

"I can imagine its being hard for you to have your first day at home a fete day; it will, perhaps, make the days that follow seem dull."

"How should you know what is passing in my thoughts?" replied Manna, as she went on up the steps.

She was indignant with the man for forgetting his position in the house, and taking upon himself to tell what was passing in her mind. What right had he to put into words what she did not choose to express? As she went up the steps, she pressed together in anger the lips which had spoken such cruel words; she was angry with herself too. But the words had been said, and could not be unsaid.

She spent the whole evening in her room. At a late hour Roland knocked at the door, and insisted on being admitted.

"Ah, sister," he said, as he sat down beside her, "of all I have been through to-day, one thing haunts me. Everybody to whom I gave a present said he would pray for me. How is that possible, and what good would it do? What good would it do to have another person pray for me, and say of me and wish for me before God all sorts of good things? Of what use would it be, if I were not in my own soul good and noble? No man can pray for another."

"Roland, what are you saying? What are you thinking of?" cried Manna, seizing him by both arms and shaking him; then, leaving the boy standing in amazement, she hurried into her chamber and threw herself upon her knees.

On this first day at home the ruin of her house was revealed to her. She prayed for Roland, that his mind might be enlightened and delivered from bondage, and even while she prayed, a feeling of strangeness stole over her. She wrung her hands, she groaned, she wept. Is it true that no-one

can stand in the place of another, can sacrifice himself for another? No, it is not,—it cannot be. She felt herself burdened, as by an actual weight from heaven, at the stirring of this great question, this great anxiety within her. Can a human being, then, do more harm than good to another? Is it so? Must it be so? There was a violent struggle in her soul; at last she smiled; a great conflict is appointed for me, she thought, and it is already beginning. She was to save the soul of her brother, and this, she told herself, could not be done by violence, but only by gentleness and humility.

She rose, and returning to the room where she had left Roland, held out her hand to him.

"I see," she said, "you are my grown-up brother; we must help one another to become better. We have much to give and to take from each other; that will come of itself."

She sat down quietly beside him, and held his hand tightly clasped in hers.

"How pleasant it must seem to you to be at home again!" exclaimed Roland. "The convent is no home for any one."

"For that very reason it is the best," returned Manna. "Every day, every hour reminds us that we have no home in this world; that our whole life is but a pilgrimage. If this world were our home, we should both have, you and I—no. You too tempt me to say what I should not."

"Eric is right," said Roland. "He says you are truly pious; what millions speak only with their lips, you utter from your heart."

"Did Eric say that?"

"Yes, and much more."

"But, Roland," interrupted Manna, "you should never tell what one person says of another."

"Not if it is good?"

"Not even then. We cannot tell on that very account—no," she interrupted herself; "are you not very happy in having so true a friend in Eric?"

"Indeed I am; and do you not like him better than Pranken?"

A smile rose to Manna's lips, but she repressed it and said,—

"Your teacher should also teach you never to make comparisons. But now, dear brother, remember that I have come from a convent, and need to be much alone. Good-night!" she added, kissing him.

"Remember," he called back to her as he departed, "that you must take your two dogs with you when you go to walk."

Manna was even yet not allowed to be

alone. In the convent she had had no one to wait upon her, but here her father insisted on her having a maid to undress her.

The woman praised her beautiful black hair as she let it down.

"Ah, my Fräulein, you have what is so rare in these days, good, healthy hair. Would you believe, Fräulein, that almost all the hair we see on ladies' heads is false or padded? they wear a hat hidden under their hair."

And yet, thought Manna, this hair will

fall. A sudden terror shot through her, as the maid passed her fingers through the loosened hair; she fancied that she already heard the clipping of the scissors.

At last Manna was alone. After devoting herself for some time to meditation and prayer, she began a letter to the Superior.

"We have celebrated to-day my birthday and my return to my parents' house; but I long for my own birthday, which shall be my entrance into the home of my Eternal Father—"

*The Story of a Trooper** relates the experiences of a cavalry soldier in the army of the Potomac under the command of M'Clellan, and bears emphatic testimony to the corruption, rotteness, and mismanagement which pervaded the organization of that branch of the service. The North was at the outset subject to great disadvantage in regard to this arm, from the fact that the youth of the North-eastern States are altogether unaccustomed to horseback exercise, while nearly every Southerner is an accomplished horseman. But for Germans and Irishmen, the material for cavalry would hardly have existed. It required all that strict discipline, good officers, and conscientious organization could do to provide a cavalry capable of meeting the Southerners in the field. Yet, while the horsemen of the Virginian army were led by one of the most distinguished cavalry officers in history, supported by some of the best men in the South, the Federal Government is alleged to have given commissions to colonels who had never mounted on horseback, and to captains who had never held a sabre, and to have winked at the grossest waste, disorganization, and speculation in this branch of the service. It is not strange that such troops were utterly unable to check the daring raids of Stuart, or the dashing guerilla exploits of Mosby; or that, as the author avers, M'Clellan should have been afraid to trust his cavalry in action, lest it should be "gobbled up" by the regiments of Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. The Trooper does not bring his narrative further down than the final defeat of M'Clellan on the Chickahominy; and fails, therefore, to do full justice to a force which, under Sheridan, distinguished itself by the terrible havoc it inflicted on the enemy, and came off not discreditably in more than one actual engagement.

Saturday Review.

* *The Story of a Trooper*. With much of Interest concerning the Campaign on the Peninsula, not before written. By F. Coburn Adams, Author of "Chronicles of the Battle," "Our World," "The Outcast," "Adventures of Major Roger Sherman Potter," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1869.

It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact, that people are often as much attached to things as to persons. We may doubt whether there have been many broken hearts from disappointments in love; but there is very little doubt that there have been many broken hearts from loss of fortune. What it has cost ruined men to part from the homes of their ancestors, or from the homes which they have created or beautified, can hardly be estimated too highly. The reason of all this is as follows:—The loss of a love is something tender, touching, elevated: the loss of these material things is degradation. And then, again, men do not see that the loss of love is in any way their own fault. It is a decree of fate. It is inevitable; and, though with many pang, we always make up our minds to the inevitable. But the loss of material things is generally accompanied by the loss of self-esteem; and no man is utterly lost, except by the loss of that self-esteem.

Author of *Friends in Council*.

The enterprise of newspaper reporters at Washington has always been famous. The following story was told lately in the "Correspondents' Club," which has been formed in that city:—At the funeral of the late General Baker, which was held in the White House, the correspondent of a New York journal, unable to get a ticket of admission, got down through a coal-hole, and after grouping his way reached at last the East Room, directly in the rear of the officiating clergyman. While the clergyman was engaged in prayer, the reporter observed a roll of paper in his hat. To seize it and fly was the work of a moment. When the clergyman turned to find his sermon he found it not. He attempted to deliver his remarks from memory, but made a wretched failure of it, much to the astonishment of the dignitaries who were present. The next morning he had the satisfaction of reading his discourse in the *New York Herald*.
Fall Mall Gazette.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MEMOIR OF MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.*

WHEN on the 10th Thermidor 1794, the news of Robespierre's fall reached the prisoners in the various dungeons of Paris, where hundreds yet waited for the death which they had seen overtake so many of their companions, the first impulse of the wife of the celebrated Lafayette, who for seven weeks had endured all the horrors of that awful captivity at La Force with unflinching heroism, was to send an emissary to the Luxembourg to learn the fate of her nearest relatives. The answer of the jailer there was fearfully concise. Six days before, her mother the Duchesse d'Ayen, her grandmother the aged Maréchale de Noailles, and her sister Louise Viscomtesse de Noailles, had all been guillotined together. The blow was a crushing one; and for the time her own fate became a matter of indifference to Madame de Lafayette. She was not set at liberty for many months, during which she wept for her dead, and found her only consolation in the visits of the faithful priest M. Carrichon, who had at his own imminent risk accompanied that fatal procession to the scaffold, to receive the last words of the victims and give them absolution. When she was released from *surveillance* in Paris, and had obtained permission from the Emperor at Vienna to share her husband's prison at Olmütz, Madame de Lafayette employed herself in writing with a toothpick and a carefully hoarded fragment of Indian ink on the margins of the few books which they were allowed to retain, the memoir of her mother which fills the first hundred and fifty pages of the volume before us; pages which disarm all literary criticism when we remember how and by whom they were written. They give us a picture of a family in the most aristocratic circle in France, in which religion, love, and duty reign supreme. The corruption of one of the worst periods of French society had brought no taint on them. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law seem to live together in unity. 'Behold Thy servant and the children whom Thou hast given me,' seems ever the attitude of Madame d'Ayen, as one by one, for death or for life, she offers up her children to God. She educates them with the tenderest care, chooses husbands for her daughters at a very early age, and speedily gives to a second generation of grandsons and daughters the same pious,

servent, yet wise affection. We hear little of what goes on in the world, though that world was convulsed to its very foundations, and the framework of the society in which they lived was cracking beneath them. The births of children, their first communion, their marriages, their separations, when war and at last prison and the scaffold divide them, are the only events related. Politics are never alluded to; but then we must remember that both for her who wrote, and for those of whom she was writing, the world and the fashion thereof had truly passed away; to them the things of the spirit had become the only realities. For the daughter to record the history of a life so holy as that of Madame d'Ayen was a sacred task which brought with it strength to endure the pain of loss and separation, in contemplating the triumphs of a faith such as hers, and in looking forward to a glorious reunion. And the book is one that we can heartily recommend mothers, who usually shun French literature with only too good reason, to put into their children's hands, for it is simple and unaffected, and free from the unhealthy religious sentimentalism that attaches, as we venture to think, to that much over-praised work, 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.'

The Duchesse d'Ayen, Anna-Louise-Henriette d'Agnesseau, was granddaughter of the celebrated Chancellor d'Agnesseau, and was born under his roof at Fresne, in 1737. Her mother, Anne Duprès, was a Norman heiress, and from her, Madame d'Ayen (her only child) inherited a large fortune. At eighteen she married Jean Paul François de Noailles duc d'Ayen, eldest son of the second Maréchal de Noailles, then two years younger than herself. Notwithstanding this disparity in age, and some in tastes, for he was a man of courts and camps, while she was grave and devout, their daughter bears witness to the attachment and happiness of her parents. They inhabited the Hotel de Noailles with the old maréchal and his wife, who had long ceased to go into the world, so that even in the heart of Paris the bride led a very retired life. Her first child, a son, lived but a year, to the inexpressible grief of its mother, who afterwards gave birth to five daughters in succession. They were, Louise, who married her cousin the Viscomte de Noailles, and died on the same scaffold as her mother; Adrienne, Madame de Lafayette; Pauline, Madame de Montagu, whose name is affixed to a memoir of somewhat doubtful authenticity published three years ago; and two others, Madame de Thesan and Madame de Grammont. Last of all, and at a great risk to her own

* *Vie de Madame de Lafayette.* Par Madame de LAFAYETTE, sa fille. Précédée d'une Notice sur sa Mère, Madame la Duchesse d'AYEN. (1737-1807.) Paris: 1868.

life, came the long-wished-for son, received by the father and grand-parents with exultation, with fear and trembling by the mother, who after a few months of languishing saw his feeble life expire, with a resignation to the will of the Divine Giver not the less perfect than in her breast maternal affection had the strength of a passion.

To the care and education of her daughters, in the highest sense of the word, she devoted herself unceasingly. She read with them and talked with them as their minds ripened, and accustomed them to such perfect sympathy, that to the tie of mother and daughter between them was added that of the closest and rarest friendship:—

‘Her mind and heart,’ says Madame de Lafayette, ‘were alike upright, and the idea of regulating our life by the principles of virtue and duty apart from all considerations of interest became so habitual to us, not only from our mother’s lessons but from her example, and that of our father in the too rare occasions in which we had the opportunity of seeing him, that the first examples which we met with of a contrary conduct in many of those who are commonly called honest people, caused us a painful impression of surprise which it required many years of contact with the world to weaken in us.’

Madame d’Ayen began to prepare her elder daughters at the age of eleven for that great epoch in a young girl’s life, her first communion, and before they were thirteen propositions of marriage for them were already under discussion. The Vicomte de Noailles, eldest son of the Maréchal de Mouchy, and consequently head of the younger branch of the Noailles family, was offered to Louise the eldest, and the young Marquis de Lafayette, an orphan of fifteen, was spoken of for Adrienne the second. Both were accepted by the Duc d’Ayen, on condition that a year or eighteen months should elapse before the subject was mentioned to the young brides elect; but opportunities of meeting were arranged. Madame de Noailles married in the autumn of 1773, and six months later Adrienne, then only fourteen and a half, was united to M. de Lafayette, aged sixteen.

It is not our business here to review either the life or character of the well-known Lafayette, except so far as they bear on those of the remarkable women whose biography lies before us. He has long since been judged at the bar of history. Disinterested and pure in aim, but a man of one idea, neither his temperament nor his talents were of the kind which could command success in such a chaos of madly conflicting forces as France had become in the tremendous year of ‘92. He lacked clearness of vision to

perceive the course of action which should at once secure the Liberty which he worshipped, stem the rising anarchy, and save a falling monarch, whose friend and counsellor he, the republican at heart, had become; or were any such course indeed possible to mortal man at such a moment, he most certainly lacked decision to pursue it. So the hero of two worlds drifted away into failure; laurels were no longer twined round his bust; soon even his name did not suffice to protect from arrest and insult those dearest to him. But through all the vicissitudes of fortune one faithful heart gave him for thirty-four years the most devoted and passionate affection, for from the hour that boy and girl they stood together at the altar, Adrienne de Noailles loved and revered her husband with a love passing the love of women, and proved it in the most critical moments of his career. They began life together so early under the sheltering care of her mother, who had adopted him as a son with all her heart, and who, much as she afterwards differed from him in matters of opinion, always recognized the nobility of his character and the purity of his aims; and at the Hotel de Noailles, when the Marquis went to join his regiment, Madame de Lafayette was left; her head and heart alike troubled, for then, and to the end of her life, as she confessed on her deathbed, her passion for her husband was such that she did all she could to hide it, lest the expression of it should become wearisome to him; and while her noble nature forbade her the indulgence of a single jealous or exacting thought, she suffered acutely from his absences and the many cares and distractions of his position. At fifteen, too, her soul was agitated by doubts on religion. It is hard to account for the malady in the daughter of the saintly Madame d’Ayen, but her eager reasoning mind had wandered into the regions of speculative doubt and difficulty even at twelve years old, and she was unable to share the first communion of her sister. The struggle was a long one, during which she prayed for light; and when some little time after her marriage she embraced fervently the faith of a Christian, we think it was not altogether because either maternal or priestly influence prevailed over her doubts, but because a nature so passionately loving as hers craves absolutely to rest in the highest Love, and in intimate and personal communion with Him, to find a guide through the storms and torments of this life. The decision laid upon her, however, the burden which so many pious and tender souls have to bear through life sorrowing—the pain of separation from

their husbands in matters of faith: few support it with her exquisite tact and courage. Lafayette's testimony in writing to a friend after her death on this point is worth transcribing:—

'It has been said that she preached to me a great deal. That was not her way. Her devoutness was something quite peculiar; during thirty-four years I may say that it never caused me one moment's annoyance. All her acts of piety were, without affectation, kept in the background where my conscience was concerned. Also I had the satisfaction of seeing my friends, who were professed unbelievers, received by her with the same courtesy, as much esteemed, as much loved, their virtues as completely recognized as if no difference in religion had existed.'

Madame de Lafayette had been married three years, had given birth to a first child, and was expecting soon again to become a mother, when in April 1777 Lafayette's project of sailing for America to join the hero of his youthful dreams, General Washington, in freeing the British North American Colonies from the authority of the parent country, startled and shocked his family. He had brooded on the idea for many months, and had taken secret measures in concert with Silas Deane, the American envoy in Paris, for purchasing and arming a vessel. A first attempt to sail from Bordeaux was prevented by the authoritative command of Louis XVI., accompanied by some very violent letters from his father-in-law. He was enjoined to repair to Marseilles, and there wait for further orders from the Court. But after setting out for Marseilles, he retraced his steps in disguise to Bordeaux, and effected his escape. The grief and anger at home may be conceived, but Adrienne, feeling that the more she showed her misery the more her parents' indignation would deepen against the cause of it, bore up courageously and would not allow him to be blamed. She, too, became enthusiastic in the cause of American freedom.

Her second daughter, Anastasie, was born before letters reached them from the Far West; presently news came of battles, in one of which her hero was badly wounded; these things tried her, and before the good ship 'Alliance' had landed him safe at Brest, in February 1779, she had buried her firstborn. Lafayette had left France disobedient to his sovereign's wishes, and therefore a disgraced man; he returned covered with glory to find French sympathy with America at its highest pitch, and to be received at Court with marked favour. In a few months he started again to persecute

the war, which was brought to a termination by the defeat and capture of Lord Cornwallis, and January 1782 saw him arrive in Paris the bearer of fresh laurels and of the welcome news of peace. Two more children were born to him in the succeeding years—George Washington, as the parents were proud to name their only son, and a daughter, the author of the simple and unaffected memoir from which we quote. Sharing in all her husband's political interests, his efforts to obtain the abolition of the slave trade enlisted her warmest sympathies, and the same enlightened charity made her in 1787 heartily coincide with him in his earnest desire to see the civil disabilities of the Protestants removed. The Revolution meantime was approaching with great strides. Lafayette in '89 received the onerous post of commandment of the National Guard, which in fact placed him at the head of a movement which was every day gathering fresh and more dangerous impetus, and of which it was impossible to foresee the results. His liberal opinions were so conscientiously hers, that she could bear the dislike and reproaches of aristocratic friends and kindred with comparative equanimity; but her anguish of mind at the sight of acts of arbitrary violence, mob-rule, and cruelty was intense. Her only source of consolation was in Lafayette's integrity, and in the power which he more than once exerted, at the sacrifice of his personal popularity, to quell and avert such violence. Once only did she take a different line from his, and here her religious scruples were paramount. She sided with the clergy who for conscience' sake refused to take the Constitutional oath, and when the new Bishop of Paris dined in state with the Commander of the National Guard, Madame de Lafayette marked her feeling by not doing the honours of her husband's table on the occasion.

After the Easter *émeute* in 1791, when Louis XVI. was foiled in the attempt to quit the Tuilleries for St. Cloud, where he had hoped to pass the Holy Week, and avail himself of the services of some of the proscribed clergy, Lafayette, having pledged his word that he should do so, the General in deep disgust resolved to resign the command of a body which had so ill obeyed him. To avoid the solicitations that he knew would be made to him to continue in his post, he secretly left his house, deputed his wife to receive the Municipality and the sixty battalions, who were sure to come and entreat him to remain. Gladly she did so, replying to each with the fine tact that was natural to her, suiting her tone to the different chiefs of battalions,

from the most respected and influential to the wretched Santerre and his compeers, whose misconduct and brutality had led to her husband's resignation. She fondly believed that he would now retire into the privacy she sighed for; but she was only allowed that hope for four days, when, yielding to the general wish, he resumed the command, and held it during six more stormy months, till he quitted Paris in the beginning of October, and joined the family circle at Chavaniac* for a short breathing space after the dissolution of the Assembly and the acceptance by the King of the Constitution. Some weeks of perfect happiness were enjoyed there in the society of Madame d'Ayen, but they were the very last which mother and daughter were ever to spend together. Amid all the din of her internal discords, France was listening for the first sounds of war on her frontiers, and was arming her population. The command of one of the three corps *d'armée* was assigned to Lafayette, who quitted Chavaniac in December. From this moment till the day when the door of his cell at Olmütz opened to receive her, 'la femme Lafayette,' as since the abolition of titles she was designated, was left sole head of the family, to face along the dangers that menaced all *ci-devant* aristocrats, and they were not few. The nobles were emigrating fast, they and everyone formerly belonging to the privileged classes being looked on as traitors to their country, who were ready to incite foreign Powers to assist them in reimposing the fetters which France had shaken off. Some such fear no doubt existed in the minds of those who proclaimed the *loi des suspects*, and set the guillotine to work; but blood once tasted seemed to madden them like wine, and fear and cruelty went hand in hand in the perpetration of the awful massacres that followed. In the provinces bands of lawless men went about proclaiming their patriotism by plundering and burning the houses of *ci-devants*. Madame de Lafayette made a bold stand against some of these at Chavaniac, and they contented themselves with running their swords through the canvasses of some family portraits on the ground that they must have been aristocrats. She had refused her husband's offer allowing her to join him at the camp at Maubeuge, fearing lest her presence might hamper his movements; she hoped, too, by remaining in France to be able to protect his property and interests, while to have quitted the country would

have exposed her to the suspicion of emigrating, then a capital crime. Her heart glowed with pride as she read his celebrated letter to the Assembly against the Jacobins, and when she heard of his journey to Paris to enforce those sentiments at the bar of the Legislature, fruitless though that journey was, and destructive of his popularity not only in the capital but with the army. After the terrible 10th of August, his disaffected troops refusing to follow him, threatening rather to send him to Paris where a price was put on his head, he made his escape into Holland, soon to be taken prisoner by a Power which was making war on France in Louis Seize's behalf.

Madame d'Ayen, whose history we may now resume and follow to the bitter end, had meanwhile gone to Paris to attend on a dying sister. Soon the constant tumults in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries caused her to abandon the Hotel de Noailles (it stood on the site now covered by the rue d'Alger) and take a small house in the faubourg St. Germain with her daughter Madame de Grammont; a step which led to her being summoned with the duc d'Ayen to the Hotel de Ville, to explain why they had quitted their usual domicile, to which they were recommended to return. Arrests became very frequent, and there was hardly one member of her family for whom Madame d'Ayen had not to tremble. Lafayette's departure from France was hailed by her with joy, little foreseeing that a foreign prison awaited him, and very soon she had the additional misery of knowing that Madame de Lafayette and her children were under arrest at Chavaniac. The winter of '92-93 was a very terrible one, for the death of the King made a deeper impression on loyal hearts than even the loss of kindred. The horizon was darkening round them on every side; the Duc d'Ayen found it necessary to escape to Switzerland; a separation which was cruelly felt by his wife, to whose lot it fell to close the eyes of the old Maréchal de Noailles. Madame d'Ayen had with her eldest daughter, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, spent the last few months of the old man's life with him at St. Germain; from thence they had been in the habit of making frequent expeditions to Paris for the purpose of enjoying the consolation of religious services, which were now performed only in secret. After his death they finally quitted St. Germain; and bringing with them his widow, whose faculties were now impaired by age, they once more inhabited the family hotel, where in the month of November '93 they found themselves put under arrest. At first there

* Chavaniac was the small patrimonial estate of M. de Lafayette, near Brioude in Auvergne.

seemed not much to alarm them, but greater severity followed; long and insulting cross-examinations hard to bear, and total confiscation of property. A few trifling ornaments which they had concealed they endeavoured to dispose of through the agency of M. Grellet the tutor, but the jeweller who took them died by the guillotine a few hours after, and without having paid for them. Their poverty was extreme; at last they were delivered from care for the morrow by being without any further pretext consigned to the Luxembourg. Two months were passed there, and they saw nearly all their fellow-prisoners depart for Fouquier Tinville's bar before their summons came to set out for the Conciergerie late on the night of 21st of July. They reached it faint and exhausted, and with only half a franc in their possession, and were thrust into a cell along with three other women, one of whom survived to describe their demeanour during that night. Madame d'Ayen felt their danger, but still had hope: 'they cannot condemn us for sharing in a conspiracy of which we are absolutely ignorant,' she said. Her daughter expected death, and refused to sleep. 'Courage, mother, there is but an hour; why rest when one is so near eternity?' were her words: she continued in fervent prayer. The old Maréchale slept at intervals. At nine that morning they went before their judges, with what result we know: the end is best told in the words of M. Carrichon, whose narrative we translate here:—

'Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, Madame d'Ayen her daughter-in-law, and Madame la Vicomtesse de Noailles her granddaughter, were confined to their hotel from the month of November 1793 till the following April. The Terror was increasing as the victims became more numerous. One day I said to these ladies, as if from a presentiment, "If you should go to the guillotine I will accompany you if God gives me strength." They took me at my word and said eagerly, "Will you promise it?" "Yes," I replied after a moment's hesitation; "and that you may recognize me I will wear a dark-blue coat and a red waistcoat." They frequently reminded me of my promise. The week after Easter 1794, they were all three taken to the Luxembourg. M. Grellet, tutor to the children of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, used to bring me constant intelligence about them. On the 22nd of July (4th Thermidor), between eight and ten o'clock in the morning, I was at home when I heard a knock; I opened the door and saw M. Grellet and his pupils; he looked pale and downcast. Taking me aside he said, "It is all over—the ladies are before the revolutionary tribunal—I am come to summon you to fulfil your promise. I shall take these unhappy children to Vincennes,

and prepare them for their terrible loss." After some questions and answers I said, "Go: I will change my clothes, and do you pray to God to give me strength for the task." I changed my dress; I went to the Palace between one and two o'clock; no admittance possible; I asked some one coming out, if it was really the case, hoping that there might be some mistake; their answer left no doubt. I wandered about the streets in great agitation; at five o'clock I returned to the Palace; nothing indicated the departure of the condemned. I hung about the steps watching, yet fearing to see those for whom I watched. That hour seemed the longest I have ever known. At last I see a movement that tells me the prison is about to open. I place myself close to the *grille*; the first cart is filled, and comes towards me. There were eight ladies in it, seven unknown to me: the eighth, to whom I was quite close, was the Maréchale. A ray of hope crosses my mind for an instant as her daughter-in-law and grand-daughter are not beside her. Alas! they are in the second. Madame de Noailles was in white, which she had worn since the deaths of the Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy; she looked not more than twenty-four. Madame d'Ayen, forty, in a *deshabille* of striped blue and white. Six men placed themselves beside them, but respectfully, leaving them as much space and liberty as was possible, which pleased me. The daughter was giving to her mother the most tender and loving care. I heard the spectators saying beside me, "See the young one, how agitated she is, how she speaks to the other." I seemed to hear her words, "Mother, he is not there." "Look again." "Nothing escapes me. I assure you, mother, he is not there." They forgot that I had told them it was impossible for me to get inside the Court. The first cart remains near for a quarter-of-an-hour; it advanced, and as the second passes I approach the ladies, but they do not recognize me. I follow them, separated by the crowd, but still always near. Madame de Noailles, though constantly seeking me, never perceives me. Madame d'Ayen looks troubled. I feel tempted to give it up. I say to myself I have done what I can, everywhere the crowd will be denser—there is no chance. I was just going to retire when a thunderstorm broke over us: in an instant the streets are as if swept—not a creature left except those in doorways and at windows; the procession is disordered, horse and foot go faster, so do the tumbrils. I had taken shelter on the doorstep of a shop; as they pass me an involuntary movement made me quit it, and approach the second cart. I found myself alone beside them. Madame de Noailles perceives me and her smile seems to say, "Ah, there you are at last! How thankful we are! How we have looked for you! Mother, there he is." Madame d'Ayen revives; all my irresolution vanishes, I feel by the grace of God full of courage. Drenched with rain and sweat, I continue to walk alongside of them. On the steps of the church of St. Louis I per-

ceive one of their friends full of respect and attachment seeking to render them the same service. His face and attitude show all he feels; with inexpressible emotion I touch him on the shoulder saying, "Bonsoir, mon ami." The storm was very violent. The ladies suffer from it especially the old Maréchale, whose large cap is blown off uncovering her grey hairs, as she is shaken about helplessly by the movement of the cart, her hands tied behind her. Some spectators recognize her, and add to her torments by their insults. "There she is, the great Maréchale, who was such a great lady and rode in such magnificent carriages, in the cart now with the rest." At the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine, as the cart moved a little slower, I went forward—"Here," I said to myself, "is the best place to give them what they desire"—I turn round and make them a sign. Madame de Noailles understands me. "Mother, M. Carrichon is going to give us absolution." Immediately they bow their heads with an air of repentance, contrition, hope, and piety. I lift my hand and pronounce the form of absolution, then the words which follow very distinctly. They join perfectly; I shall never forget the picture. From that moment the storm of wind and rain ceases, and seems only to have occurred to give us our opportunity. I bless God. Their expression shows security, peace, even joy. At last we reach the fatal spot! What a moment! I behold them well and full of life, in a few minutes I shall see them no more. What an agony! yet not without its consolation in seeing them so resigned. The scaffold rises before me, the tumbrils stop: a crowd, for the most part laughing and jeering at the horrid spectacle, jostles the victims as they descend. Madame de Noailles seeks me once more with her eyes. What do they not express? I understood her looks though words cannot render them. Some near me said, "How happy that young woman is! how she prays! but what good does it do her?" Ah, the scoundrels! The last adieu exchanged, they stepped down from the cart. I could hardly support myself; I thanked God that I had already given them absolution before this dreadful moment. I approached the steps leading up to the guillotine; an old man was in the act of mounting; after him came a lady whose piety was edifying, but she was unknown to me; then the Maréchale, her great eyes fixed on vacancy; I had not forgotten to do for her what I had done for the others. I see Madame d'Ayen kneeling, noble, resigned, contemplating the sacrifice she is about to make to God through the merits of His Son, without fear, calm as I have seen her at sacrament. When the Maréchale had to lay down her head the executioner had to cut away the top of her dress to bare her neck. Six ladies followed her, Madame d'Ayen was the tenth. How pleased she seemed to be to die before her daughter! The executioner pulled off her cap, which was fastened to her hair by a pin, which being rudely dragged I saw her features contract with

pain. She disappears and her gentle daughter takes her place: as I looked at her youthful figure all in white, I thought I beheld the martyrdom of some holy virgin: the same calm, the same death. The rich young blood flowed abundantly from her head and neck. As they threw her body into that abominable heap, "Now she is happy," I exclaimed. It has been said that Madame de Noailles, like her mother, before dying exhorted their companions, particularly one young man among them whom she had heard blaspheming; as she mounted the scaffold she turned to him with a last appeal, "En grâce, Monsieur, dites pardon."

Such was the fate that in those days hundreds of high-born and delicately-nurtured women met with a courage that even in the most apparently frivolous never failed them in the supreme moment; while in those of whom we have spoken, it attained to the resignation and the fervours of Christian martyrdom. But we must return to Madame de Lafayette at Chavanic eight months previous to the catastrophe of Thermidor, when on the 10th of September she found herself summoned to quit the Château by a commissary named Aulagnier, from Le Puy, who was the bearer of an order from the Committee of Public Safety to arrest her. She was conducted with her daughters to Le Puy, and insisted on being at once taken before the Council of the Department. Lafayette's letters had been taken from her; she demanded that they should be read aloud and copies of them taken before they were sent to Paris, 'because many lies are told in the Assembly.' Her frank and courageous demeanour so influenced the magistrates that they resolved to forward to M. Roland, then Minister for Home Affairs, her petition, that if it was considered necessary by the Government to retain her as a hostage, she should be allowed to return on parole to Chavanic. She herself wrote from Le Puy to Brissot in the same sense. The letter is too long to transcribe, but the tone of it is remarkable. It is no humble petition, but rather a demand for justice written in a spirit so haughty that probably the angry patriot, who once said of her that the 'femme Lafayette was the very incarnation of all the pride of the Noailles,' had some grounds for his assertion. She concludes, speaking of Roland, 'I cannot tell what will be his answer; it is easy to see that if it is dictated by justice it will set me at liberty. If you will serve me, you will have the satisfaction of having done a good action towards one who has neither the wish nor the power to hurt you. I consent to owe you this service. NOAILLES LAFAYETTE.'

M. Roland's reply, when it came, permitted her to return to Chavaniac a prisoner and under *surveillance* of the authorities, but commented severely on the expression in her letter to Brissot, as savoring of the 'orgueil suranné de ce qu'on appelait noblesse.' Her parole was now her heaviest burden, for she had heard that Lafayette was to be sent to Spandau; so in spite of the breach of confidence on Brissot's part in showing her letter, her misery making her humble, she wrote again most urgently entreating to be released. Roland had pronounced against the September massacres; and overcoming her repugnance to address him, she wrote him a most touching appeal to be set free to join her husband. The Minister's answer was short but courteous: he had laid her appeal before the Committee, but he begged to observe that it would be very unsafe for a person of her name to travel under the present circumstances in France. But these circumstances might change, and she might rely on him to avail himself of a favourable change in her behalf.

During three months that she received no news of her husband, except rumours that he was being transferred from one prison to another, she wrote in turns to the Minister of War, to the Duke of Brunswick, and, at the suggestion of her staunch friend Mr. Morris, the American envoy, to the King of Prussia. Most of these letters were unanswered, and all were unavailing to obtain her liberty or his; but Roland was as good as his word, and gave her back her parole, though practically this was useless, as the *surveillance* of the *ci-divants* continued as rigorous as ever. The decrees of September brought fresh alarms, but through all these weeks of suspense and danger the courage and patience of this wife and mother never flinched in the daily life of the family, nor in performing acts of kindness to friends and neighbours, while she protested energetically against the injustice of the Administration in putting up her husband's property as that of an *émigrant* for sale. When Solon Reynaud arrived to put in force in the district the *loi des suspects*, she was one of the first to be arrested; and separated from her children, she was confined at Brioude, in a house full of noble dames who had long hated her for her republican principles. Their common danger did not by any means soften their hearts towards her, and they received her with the most cutting impertinences, though before long her exceeding sweetness, and heroism succeeded in conquering their aristocratic prejudices; indeed, the testimony of all who came in contact with her in this and in the

still more terrible prisons of Paris to which she was soon transferred, is the same; she was the friend, the consoler, the support of all the suffering and afflicted, whether delicate and high-born women or coarsest felons. During the winter's imprisonment at Brioude it was still possible to communicate with her children through the assistance of a friend; news, too, from the outer world of the arrests of her mother, grandmother, and sister reached her. In spring she learnt that she, too, must go to Paris, but not to share their captivity in the Luxembourg. On the eve of the celebrated festival which proclaimed the existence of the Etre Suprême to the Parisians she found herself in la Force among a mixed multitude who were waiting their summons to die. Many times here and at le Plessis, where she was moved later, did Madame Lafayette think that her turn had come; the ordeal lasted fifty days, and during this time she composed the following testament for her children:—

'I have always lived, and I hope by the grace of God to die, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. I declare that it is in the principles of this holy religion that I have found my support, and in its practice my consolation, and I am confident it will sustain me in death. I believe in Thee, O God, and in all that Thou revealest to Thy Church; I hope all that Thou hast promised; I put all my trust in the merits of Jesus Christ's blood; I desire to conform my life to His; I join my sufferings, and my death to His death. I hope, my God, to love Thee above all things, and to all eternity. I accept without reservation all the means that Thou hast chosen to lead me to this blessed end. With all my heart I forgive my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors whoever they are, and even the persecutors of those whom I love. I pray Thee to pardon them as I pardon them. . . . I declare that I have never ceased to be faithful to my country, that I have never taken part in any intrigue that could disturb it, that my most sincere desire is for its welfare, that my attachment to it is unshaken, and that no persecution can alter it. One very dear to my heart is my example in this respect. I give to my children my tenderest blessing, and I entreat God to make them, what had my life been spared it would have been consecrated to do, to make them worthy to be His. Full of confidence in Thy great mercy, I leave these beloved children, and leave my soul in Thy hands. I know that Thou canst restore and reunite us by Thy power in the great day. In Thee, in Thee alone, is my hope. Have pity upon me, Oh my God.'

With the news that the Reign of Terror was over, came also, as we have seen, the knowledge that among its victims were those so dear to her in the Luxembourg.

But she was not at once released. Her husband's name was still a possible danger to the new rulers of France, who considered it safest to detain her.

Her mental prostration was for a time extreme; gradually the visits of friends, the letters of her children, and the hope of rejoining Lafayette, restored the balance of her mind. The American envoy at last succeeded in obtaining her liberty in January '95. Through the assistance of the same attached and zealous friend, she nerved herself to send out her only son to the United States to the care of General Washington. For her two daughters she had another project, if, when they met, she found their courage equal to it. Her design was to present herself and them to the Emperor at Vienna, and there to implore permission to share her husband's prison at Olmütz. Some months elapsed before it was possible for her to put it in execution, but having obtained a passport for America in the name of the femme Motier and her daughters, they embarked at Dunkirk in a small American vessel which steered for Hamburg. There she found friends who assisted her to reach Vienna, and there again she had interest enough among those to whom she discovered herself, to obtain the audience she had come so far to seek. Her petition was granted by the Emperor, who seemed touched by her devotion, but said that the liberty of General Lafayette was not in his power to grant. It was on the 1st of October that the travellers first came in sight of Olmütz. 'Never,' says Madame de Lasteyrie, 'shall I forget the moment when we first saw the walls of the fortress, or the emotion of my mother.' The Commandant sent an officer to conduct them to the prison, through the long corridors till they reached the door of Lafayette's cell. No hint or warning had been given him of the joyful vision that greeted his dazzled eyes when it turned on its hinges that day and admitted those whom he had feared never to see in life more. For he knew this much, that a reign of terror had lasted in France for months which had spared neither age nor sex, and of whose victims there was no list. For a time he hardly dared to inquire the fate of the rest, or to believe that his wife and daughters were really to remain with him. They submitted to every condition of his imprisonment, and these were sufficiently rigorous. Their money was taken from them, also a few forks and spoons in their possession, which reduced them to eat their prison fare with their fingers. Relying on the kind expressions of the Emperor, Madame de

Lafayette wrote begging for some relaxation of the rules in their favour, but was curtly refused by M. de Ferraris, Minister of War at Vienna. She and her husband shared one cell, the two girls an adjoining one, though they were allowed to be together during the day; they had no woman to attend on them, they were deprived of air and exercise, of the services of religion, of the power of communicating with friends; they had only a few books and the society of one another. Then and afterwards Madame de Lafayette always said that she never was happier. Her daughter says:—

'I cannot describe my mother's happiness; you can only imagine it by remembering what was the ruling passion of her life from the age of fourteen, and how much she had suffered from the absences of my father, and from his incessant occupations and distractions, as well as the great dangers to which he was exposed. She had passed three horrible years almost without a hope of ever seeing him again. Now she possessed him entirely, and every day she saw him revive in her presence, and she used to reproach herself for being too happy while he was still a prisoner.'

But spite of this happiness her physical frame could not bear up forever under the severe trials to which she had been exposed, and protracted confinement produced symptoms of an alarming kind. For eleven months her sufferings, borne without a murmur, must have been even greater than she allowed those beside her to guess, and their liberation, in September 1797, perhaps only came in time to save her life. Lafayette had been five years a prisoner when the treaty of Campo Formio set him free. In all the towns through which they passed the greatest sympathy was expressed for the illustrious captive and his heroic companion. For a time the home circle drew together at Witmold, a château in Holstein belonging to Madame de Tessé, a near and dear relative of Lafayette's. Their son returned from America, their eldest daughter Anastasie married the young Charles de Latour Maubourg, and the health of Madame de Lafayette improved. But they were advised not yet to re-enter France. After the 18th Brumaire had altered the face of affairs there, husband and wife set out for Paris, where they were met by an angry message from the First Consul to the effect that General Lafayette would have best consulted his own interests by remaining in Holland till his name should be effaced from the list of emigrants. Nothing daunted, however, Madame de Lafayette sought a personal interview with Bonaparte. 'Je suis charmé de faire votre connaissance, Madame; vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, mais vous n'enten-

dez pas les affaires,' was the characteristic answer of the great man, who always bullied women; but she had spoken with such earnestness, courage, and tact that she gained her point, and they were once more free to set up their household gods on French soil, first at Fontenoy, then at Lagrange, a property of the late Madame d'Ayen, near Paris. One other care she had, which was to gain a like permission for their faithful friends and companions in exile, and after many difficulties she accomplished this object.

'The rest of that precious life,' says her daughter, 'was consecrated to us. Under the despotism of Bonaparte honour forbade General Lafayette to accept any post, and the life of private citizens, if it did not wholly satisfy his aspirations, more than fulfilled the dearest wishes of her heart. After so many fatigues and sufferings, to be united in peace to her beloved ones was the only joy that life could give her. Neither the greatness which for a moment had been theirs, nor the *éclat* which had attended their sorrows and reverses, had excited in her that disease of the imagination which forbids the sufferer the enjoyment of a tranquil and simple existence. Her heroism had shown itself equal to any trial, but the duties and emotions of an obscure destiny would have sufficed for her heart, for love filled it utterly.'

So far Madame de Lasteyrie, who married in these calm years, as did her brother George, and added grandsons and daughters to the happy circle. Death entered it, however, in the autumn of 1807, when low fever attacked Madame de Lafayette, to which after a few weeks her shattered constitution succumbed. The volume closes with a long letter written immediately after her funeral by the widower to his oldest friend M. de Maubourg. It is full of interest, minutely detailing the sufferings, the weakness, the angelic tenderness of those last days, reviewing a life all given to him, with much unconscious self-revelation on the part of the writer, but it is far too long for insertion here. She had no fear of death, and her husband says she never had believed in any hell for sincere and virtuous human beings of whatever opinions. 'I know not,' she would say, 'what will happen to them at death, but God will enlighten them and save them.' Such was doubtless her faith for him she had so ardently loved, and the low delirium of fever seem to unlock only fresh treasures of affection towards him. All her life is summed up in her last words — 'What happiness to have been yours' — 'Je suis toute à vous.' No suspicion ever crossed the horizon of her mind that she who gave so richly was indeed, as

we must think, far the superior of the thin, pedantic, self-sufficient nature which accepted all her homage as his due; and never in her sane moments would she have permitted herself the unconscious irony of the little sentence that so well described her idol, when in her wanderings having fancied that he had become a Christian, she suddenly corrected herself — 'Ah no, I remember, you are *Fayette*.' History or biography presents us, we think, with few women nobler, sweeter, or purer than Adrienne de Lafayette.

Before we take leave of this interesting woman, we are tempted to lay before our readers two unpublished letters addressed by Madame de Lafayette to Washington, during the captivity of her husband, and before she had joined him at Olmütz. These letters have been printed in French in the 'Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society,' but they are otherwise unknown both in France and England. Their authenticity is undoubted, for they are taken from the family papers of Mr. Dyson, formerly of Diss in Norfolk, who resided for some time in M. de Lafayette's family, and who was employed, as Madame de Lafayette herself states, to transcribe them, as she was afraid to send them in her own hand-writing. Mr. Dyson kept a copy of the letters, which is still in the possession of his nephew, Thomas Lombe Taylor, Esq., of Starston Hall, Norfolk.

'Chavanisac, Oct. 8, 1792.

'SIR,— Without doubt you have learnt our misfortunes; you know that your disciple, your friend, has never ceased to be worthy of you and of liberty: you know that the attachment to the Constitution which he had sworn has gained him the hatred of the powerful faction which wishes to destroy it; that, proscribed by this criminal faction, accused at the head of his army, and wishing to spare his fellow-citizens the commission of a fresh crime, he has avoided the sanguinary fury that pursues the true friends of liberty, and was already on the way to neutral territory; from thence he was prepared to go to your country, there to offer up prayers that his own ungrateful land might find defenders who would serve it with as much disinterested zeal and love of freedom as he had done. His wish was that I and all our family should join him in England, to go and establish ourselves in America, enjoying there the consoling spectacle of virtues worthy of liberty; but before reaching this much-desired end—before even he had reached neutral ground—he had to traverse a small part of our enemies' country; there he encountered them, and was taken prisoner. Since the 2nd of August he has been in their hands. He was first conducted to Namur, then to Nivelles, thence to Luxembourg: at last I learn

(and that only from the newspapers) that on the 6th of September he was taken to Wesel in Westphalia, a town in the dominions of the King of Prussia, and that there he is to be separated from the three members of the Assembly who had hitherto shared his fate, and is to be taken alone to the citadel of Spandau, between Berlin and Potsdam. The motive and the design of such strange and cruel conduct on the part of the Allies are alike unknown to me. He is not permitted to write a single line. It was by the troops of the Emperor that he was arrested, now it is the King of Prussia who keeps him prisoner in his dominions; and while he is experiencing this inconceivable persecution from our external enemies, the faction which now rules us at home detains me as a hostage here at 120 leagues from the capital. Judge how far removed from him!

'In this abyss of misfortunes, the idea of owing to the United States and to Washington the life and liberty of M. Lafayette comes to revive hope within my heart. I hope everything from the goodness of the people, from whom he learnt all those virtues and that love of liberty of which he is now a victim; and I venture to say all that I hope, I venture to ask of them, through your mouth, that a vessel may be sent to demand him wherever he may be, in the name of the Republic of the United States; also an envoy who, in the name of the Republic, may take all the engagements that may be thought necessary for detaining him in America, *even as a captive*. If his wife and children may be included in the terms of this happy mission, it is easy to judge what a blessing it would be for her and them; but if such a stipulation were likely to embarrass or retard its success, we would defer the joy of our reunion, and when we knew him to be safe with you we should support with greater courage the pain of separation. I trust that my request is not too bold. Pray accept the feelings of attachment and deep respect which have dictated this letter, and with which I am, &c., &c.,

(Signed) 'NOAILLES LAFAYETTE.

'If the kindness of the United States could be extended to the companions in misfortune of M. Lafayette, it would indeed fill up the measure of their goodness; but as these gentlemen are not persecuted with the same bitterness, I do not think I fall in delicacy towards them if I ask with regard to them, as well as to myself and my children, that care for their interests should not interfere with the speedy help which the position of M. Lafayette demands. M. Maubourg, M. Bureau de Pusy, and M. La Colombe (who has had the advantage of having served the United States), deserve to be distinguished among the number. MM. Romeuf, Pillet, Masson, Curmeur, the two young brothers Maubourg, are prisoners, and merit from us the most tender interest, from their devoted attachment to M. Lafayette since the beginning of the Revolution.'

LETTER II.

'Chavanise by Brionde, Department of the Haute Loire:

'March 13, 1793.

'Sir,—The gazettes inform me that you are a second time elected President of the United States, and these happy tidings revive my courage a little, which has been sorely tried by the silence of the United States on the fate of M. Lafayette. During six months that he has been in captivity to our enemies, after the unheard-of-proscription by his own country, I have heard but few expressions of interest, and those only from private American citizens.

'I had the honour of writing to you, Sir, in the beginning of October 1792, when I was kept prisoner by the order of the Committee of Public Safety, which, after ordering me to come to Paris about the time of the massacres, had permitted the Administration of the Department to keep me first under lock and key, and then to send me here under the surveillance of the municipality of my village. It was from this that I had the consolation of writing to you. I did not dare to sign my letter, nor even to send it written by my own hand: a young English agriculturist, Mr. Dyson, who had passed some time in our retreat, and who was returning to England, promised to get a copy conveyed to you. Did such a letter ever reach you? Or was it necessary to awaken your interest? I cannot believe it; but your silence, Sir, I confess, and the neglect you have for six months shown towards M. Lafayette and his family, is, among all our misfortunes, the one that I am least able to explain to myself. I hope it will not always continue, and if I have any earthly hope for him or for our reunion, it is still founded on your kindness and that of the United States. The public papers will have told you that M. Lafayette and his companions in misfortune were transferred from Wesel to Magdebourg towards the end of December, and when the French troops were approaching this citadel I was told that it was intended to remove him to Spandau. I was even for a moment given better hopes; but nothing has confirmed them. As for myself, I am no longer the prisoner of the municipality of the village. At the end of two months the orders of the Committee of Surveillance were revoked: but tyrannical laws which forbid us to quit French territory, and pronounce sentence of confiscation of property against all who do so (or who have done so since the 9th of February), condemn me to remain and to preserve, at least for our creditors, my small personal fortune, on which my children exist now that their father's property has been seized. I am obliged to keep them with me—not for my own consolation, which I would far rather sacrifice for him, but Providence meanwhile offers me this, of hoping that they will grow up worthy of him. But I am powerless to do anything for him; I cannot receive one line from him, or contrive to let him receive one by any means whatever. Certainly I will never take any step unworthy of him

whom I love, nor of the cause to which he has never ceased to be faithful, and which his fellow-citizens have shown themselves unworthy to defend — unworthy also for a long time hence of being served by virtuous men. Believe, Sir, that in the present state of Europe we have everything to fear for Lafayette while he remains in the power of the enemy. I do not know how to urge you, I will only repeat that my confidence in General Washington, though rudely tried, still exists, and that I still venture to offer him the homage due to his character and virtue.

(Signed) 'NOAILLES LAFAYETTE.'

It does not appear that any answer was made by Washington to this affecting appeal — or, at least, no answer ever reached Madame de Lafayette, though at a later period the good offices of the American Government were employed to a certain extent to obtain the release of her husband.

From The Spectator, 10 April.
THE AMERICAN MISSION.

THERE is an end of Mr. Reverdy Johnson at last, and we cannot affect to be sorry. He has been recalled, or has been requested to resign, or has been suspended, or has suffered some other equivalent for official execution, and has announced that he only awaits the arrival of his successor. He says that he leaves us in sadness, regretting the thousands of friends whom he has made, and we, whom he would probably count among his political enemies, will do him at least this justice, — half his blunders have been due to the people to whom he was accredited. Never was a man in such a position so bespattered with senseless praise. Born and bred a slaveholder, a Democrat, a "wirepuller," and a member of the would-be aristocratic caste which the war has struck down and which would gladly forget the war, a nominee of Mr. Andrew Johnson, and at heart a sympathizer with Maryland rather than with either North or South, it was certain from the first that Mr. Johnson would fail in his primary duty of representing before the people of Great Britain the feeling of the United States. How could he do it without gross intellectual dishonesty? He was not misled by irritation at the European recognition of belligerency, for to him the two parties were merely litigants fighting out a doubtful quarrel in the Supreme Court, with the bayonet instead of the ballot. He was not disgusted with our treachery to freedom, for he was doubtful himself if slavery was not a good; nor was he exasperated by our "unfriendly-

ness" to the Union, for were not some of the best Marylanders still more hostile? On the whole, he preferred the Union; but he could not hate Mr. Laird or Mr. Roebuck for taking the other side, any more than he could hate Virginia or New Orleans, could no more see why the North should nurse its wrath against England than why it should object to see State Sovereignty revived and the slaves placed under the Georgian new code. What he wanted was to forgive and forget all round, to let the South do as it liked with its own, and the Union resume its old position towards the external world, to readmit the States to power without guarantees, and the nations to amity without inquiry as to their past conduct. Just as the President called the Rebels mistaken brethren, so his Envoy called us erring cousins; and as the Democrats desired that the "war record" should be wiped out, so he was anxious to extinguish history. At the same time, he was most desirous to gain all he could for the Government he served. An old man, bred in a world as extinct as the glacial period, with the traditions of the old diplomacy upon him, he set to work as his predecessors of thirty years ago might have done, as Mr. Buchanan, for example, would have done had he been Minister at the time. He put forward enormous demands, but professed enormous friendship. Never was such love as he expressed for all mankind, and specially English mankind, and never were such proofs of that love asked from those he loved so fondly. We were the greatest, the noblest, the bravest race under the sun; his own cousins; people of whom he was proud; a race whose literature was the common heritage of two worlds; men without compare save in America, and of necessity and nature America's eternal and most sure allies. Being all that, what more natural than that we should prove it all by acknowledging that we were always in the wrong, by conceding every demand, by offering any amount of dollars, by signing any sort of agreement made to seem fair by the introduction of the phrase, "international arbitration." We are bound to say the English bourgeoisie fully justified by their conduct the low estimate Mr. Johnson had formed of their intellectual capacity. They rose at the bait like gudgeons at gentles. In their hearts they entirely agreed with Mr. Johnson's view of American politics, thought Southern gentlemen had better be replaced in power, did not see why Mr. Davis — he not being a Fenian — should not be pardoned off hand, could not find anything to object to in Mr. Andrew Johnson's policy,

except that he had once been a tailor; and to hear an ambassador, with such "moderate" and "just" and "far-sighted" ideas praising them,—it was almost too delightful. The *Times* and the rest of their organs extolled Mr. Reverdy Johnson to the skies. He was a statesman, an orator, a philanthropist, a credit to his nation, a true gentleman, and Lord Stanley, who in his cold, harsh way is not indifferent to popularity, achieved at a stroke a reputation by accepting the best terms he could get, and shutting his eyes to any consequences they might in the future involve. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, whose shrewdness, overlaid as it is by his fluency, has been underrated in this country, had completely won his game, had really induced Great Britain to concede everything without feeling either humiliated or annoyed. He had forgotten nothing, except indeed the grand fact that he was the Agent of the people of the United States, and not merely of Mr. Andrew Johnson, that the principal on his own side was a nation as well as the principal on this. He had courted the latter while he plundered them, and the former were so wroth with the courtship that they angrily rejected the spoil. To them Mr. Johnson seemed almost a traitor, his pleasant speeches insults, his courtesies to Messrs. Laird and Roebuck derelictions of duty, his assertions of kinship humiliating concessions; and they rose at last into such a fit of jealous irritation that they would have nothing to say to the treaty because it had been gained by cozening words. Like litigants in a country court, they panted not to obtain redress, but to put their opponents in the box and make them admit themselves in the wrong. The American nation felt as monarchs in the Middle Ages used to feel, that their envoy ought to sympathize with their temper as well as their policy, that overmuch courtesy was suspicious, that their message was to be given in plain words, that their messenger's first business was not to secure success, but to assert his master's rank on earth.

It is strange that such a recurrence to the ancient ideas of diplomacy should be needful, but as between the United States and Britain it is certainly needed. If they are ever to be friends, they must understand one another, and they will never do it unless they are represented with precision by their diplomatic agents. The ordinary means of estimating each other's opinions fail in this instance,—English newspapers, and more especially the *Times*, representing only the bourgeois ignorance of all American affairs,

and American papers only the feeling at that moment dominant among the party or section of country they try to represent. The Minister alone is able to be the representative of the entire nation, and Mr. Motley, if he has really been selected for the Mission, will admirably perform his duty. Bred, we believe, in the same college as Count Bismarck, a scholar of mark and a thorough gentleman, he will be acceptable to all classes of English society, and yet will enable it to understand for the first time since the war what it is that his nation at heart desires. There probably never lived a man more distinctly American than this travelled, courteous Massachusetts man, nor one who sympathizes more strongly, we had almost written more fiercely, with the dominant moods of the people he represents. He is not of course a wild partisan like Mr. Stevens, and his knowledge of the world and its necessities is far greater than Mr. Sumner's; but he was a Radical when to be a Radical was to risk a position, a Radical on conviction, a Radical who honestly believed that the cause for which the North fought was a cause which ennobled death, a cause with which England ought to have sympathized, had she been true to her creed. That this belief will make him impracticable or even difficult to deal with we do not for a moment believe, more especially as Mr. Motley feels as strongly as Mr. Bright how horribly war between the two peoples would affect the world; but it will undoubtedly make him at once truthful and stern in his diplomacy. He will not come here to talk nonsense about cousinhood, but to say plainly that one cousin considers himself wronged by the other, and to ask, on his behalf, whether any dignified mode of reconciliation is still to be discovered,—reconciliation as between equals who have fallen out from error, or prejudice, or divergence of object, but who may, nevertheless, still hope to live together in amity. He will come to express the real American feeling, that while we had a technical right to do much of what we did, the temper in which we did it showed dislike and contempt, and to see whether by any act on our part, or that of those whom he represents, that impression of British unfriendliness can be at once strongly manifested and finally removed. It will be a most difficult task, for while this country can acknowledge an error of feeling into which it undoubtedly fell, it cannot acknowledge an error of action from which it carefully abstained; but if the task can be performed, it will be by a man whom the Union knows to be heartily in sym-

pathy, not only with its policy, but with its sentiment. And that reconciliation, if it is achieved, will be, and will be seen in America to be, an honest and a lasting one.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU AND ELBA.*

[Saturday Review.]

GENERAL curiosity will be more easily interested in gathering the touches of Napoleon given by Sir Neil Campbell than in retracing the lineaments of Sir Neil Campbell himself from his journals and letters; and the main title of the volume is discreetly associated with Fontainebleau and Elba. But the *hors d'œuvres*, so to speak, or miscellaneous observations made by the intelligent Scotch officer in the course of his varied military career, apart from those which cluster round the central figure of the State prisoner on parole, are suggestive and acute enough to deserve appreciation by all who care to study the history of those times. His forcible description of the battle of Salamanca and its results contains a pertinent note on one of the causes of the comparative slowness in pursuit, after a victory, which is frequently charged to the nature of the British soldier. A pursuing party which adheres to the system of commissariat-supply and fair payment can rarely move as quickly as a flying army which marauds and lays waste on principle; yet Wellington's policy of rigid honesty proved the strongest in the end, considered as a piece of military tactics alone. A comparison of the Russian and Prussian forces in 1813 is curious, and historically valuable. "The physical material of the army under Wittgenstein struck the eyes which were fresh from Wellington's camp of veterans as the finest in the world; but the officers were often incompetent, and the discipline loose and orientally barbaric." The Prussians, who had just shaken off the French yoke by the grandest of national efforts, after learning in secret to be a disciplined arm-bearing people under the strict conditions by which Napoleon had endeavoured to secure their military insignificance, are described after Bautzen as "perfect in everything." Wittgenstein appeared to his English attaché to fight the battle of Lutzen on no particular plan, to be generally conscious of his own unfitness to command in chief, and to be bothered with the constant interference or

criticism of his Imperial master and the King of Prussia. Bautzen again disclosed the want of a single head, and that a competent one; and the difference between the broad view of the campaign grasped by the supreme mind of Napoleon, and the indecisive muddling of the allied councils, was illustrated in the fact that before Lutzen they never dreamed of fortifying Dresden, and after Lutzen left Dresden at once for him to seize and fortify. The evidence of an officer of Wellington's can hardly be taken as conclusively impartial in estimating the comparative personal powers of Napoleon and Wellington, which appear to have been largely discussed in the allied headquarters after the news of Vittoria. Colonel Campbell was honestly convinced that the actual work done by the English general in Spain, with little aid beyond that of his quartermaster-general Sir George Murray, indicated even more surprising bodily and mental activity than was measured by the labours of Napoleon, aided by Berthier, Murat, Caulaincourt, Duroc, and his other personal staff of general officers. It is interesting to read Napoleon's own appreciation of the qualities of his great rival, in his first conversation with Colonel Campbell at Fontainebleau:—"C'est un homme de vigueur dans la guerre. Pour bien faire la guerre, il faut en avoir comme cela." A similar complimentary tribute to the bull-dog tenacity of Blücher is worth noting:—"Ce vieux diable m'a attaqué toujours avec la même vigueur. S'il était battu, l'instant après il se montrait encore prêt pour le combat." There are strong and picturesque touches in Colonel Campbell's description of this first close interview with the fallen lion whom he had once before seen at a distance through a telescope on the morning of Bautzen:—

"It was a strange feeling that came over me when the aide-de-camp, after announcing my name, retired shutting the door, and I found myself suddenly closeted with that extraordinary man whose name had been for so many years the touchstone of my professional and national feelings, and whose appearance had been presented to my imagination in every form that exaggeration and caricature could render impressive. I saw before me a short, active-looking man, who was rapidly pacing the length of the apartment like some wild animal in his cell. He was dressed in an old green uniform with gold epaulets, blue pantaloons, and red-top boots, unshaven, uncombed, with the fallen particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast. Upon his becoming aware of my presence he turned quickly towards me and saluted me with a courteous smile, evidently endeavouring to conceal his anxiety and agita-

* *Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba.* By the late Major-General Sir Neil Campbell, C.B. London: John Murray.

tion by an assumed placidity of manner. He first asked me several questions about my wounds—which were plainly observable from the bandages upon my head and my arm being carried in a sling—the circumstances under which they were received, the period and occasions of my service in the army, the particulars of my Russian orders and British military decorations, upon what claims and to what rank they had been accorded, what part of Great Britain I was from. On my replying from Scotland, he inquired whether I, like himself, was an admirer of Ossian's poems, adding here, 'Je les aime beaucoup, car il y a quelque chose très-guerrière.' 'Oui, sire,' I answered, 'on a dit en Angleterre que Votre Majesté les aimait beaucoup.' . . . His conversation turned almost entirely upon military subjects and events connected with the British army, on which he seemed to reflect with the deepest interest; but he did not once touch upon the operations of the other allied armies. He paid many compliments to the British nation for their union and national feelings, in which he considered they much excelled the French. 'Votre nation,' he said, 'est la plus grande de toutes. Elle est plus estimée par moi que toutes les autres. J'ai été votre plus grand ennemi, franchement tel, mais je ne le suis plus. J'ai voulu aussi élever la nation française, mais mes plans n'ont pas réussi. C'est le destin.' Here he stopped short, seeming greatly affected, and the tears were in his eyes."

[The Leader.]

A BOOK of this kind is only to be fairly criticised by extracts. What history it relates is known to every schoolboy. We will therefore conclude this notice by transcribing a few of what seem to us the most characteristic anecdotes and remarks:—

"*Ossian*.—He inquired whether I, like himself, was an admirer of Ossian's poems, adding here, 'I like them much, for there is something very martial about them.' 'Yes, sire, it has been said in England that your Majesty admired them greatly.'"

"*The Scotch*.—'They are a people of strong

character. You have acted your part well there.' (*Vous avez bien tiré votre parti là.*)

"*Advice*.—After the formation of the Provisional Government, a person was asked by Napoleon what he thought of his situation, and whether he considered there were any additional measures to be taken. When he replied in the negative, Napoleon inquired what he would do in a similar situation. 'Blow my brains out,' was the reply. Napoleon reflected for a moment, 'Yes, I can do that; but those who wish me well would not be benefited, and it would give pleasure to those who wish me ill.'

"*Habit*.—During this conversation a knock was heard at the door. *Nap.*: Who is there? *A. D. C.*: Aide-de-camp in waiting. *Nap.*: Come in; what do you want? *A. D. C.*: Sire, the Grand Marshal has desired me to announce to your Majesty that it is already eleven o'clock. *Nap.*: Bah! This is something new! Since when have I become subordinate to the watch of the Grand Marshal? May be I shall not leave at all.

"*Personal*.—I have never seen a man in any situation of life with so much personal activity and restless perseverance. He appears to take so much pleasure in perpetual movement, and in seeing those who accompany him sink under fatigue, as has been the case on several occasions when I have accompanied him. I do not think it possible for him to sit down to study, on any pursuits of retirement, as proclaimed by him to be his intention, so long as his state of health permits corporeal exercise. . . . Napoleon appears to become more unpopular on the island every day, for every act seems guided by avarice and a feeling of personal interest, with a total disregard to that of others."

These extracts will doubtless whet the reader's appetite sufficiently to induce him to know more by procuring the book. Of this journal the language is agreeable, and a lively power of observation obviously enabled the author to seize upon those subtler characteristics of Napoleon's nature which a careless companion would have missed.

WILL STEAM IGNITE COMBUSTIBLE SUBSTANCES?—This curious question is discussed in a recent number of the *Scientific American*. It is urged that as the heat generated by a hydrocarbon in combination with a combustible fibre will produce combustion, and as a fibrous material saturated with oil will, if exposed to the sun's rays, burst into flame, it follows that a greater degree of heat, whether produced by steam or any other agency, may produce like results. After mentioning the inflammable condition acquired by wood through which a steam-

pipe has been passed, it is remarked that every engineer of lengthy experience and close observation knows that it is possible to ignite combustible or inflammable substances by the direct impact of steam. Cases have been recorded where dry wood was ignited by escaping steam, and, as an experiment, oil-saturated cotton waste and dry pine wood have been lighted by the steam from a boiler at a distance of 12 feet, the boiler pressure at the time being only 95lb, and the temperature 335. The material burst into flame in a few minutes.

Public Opinion.